THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

Mr. Morrison Gives a Few Points to Ex-Gov. Beveridge Relative to Pride of Descent.

If the Ex-Governor Knew as Much About the Anglo-Saxons, as the Irish New Mexican Does, He Would Blush To Own Such Progenitors.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Fifty-two years after Clontarf when the Normans invaded England, Harold was yet struggling with the Danes. How much longer the occupation of the Norsemen would have continued it is impossible to say, as in 1066 the Normans landed and defeated the Saxons. It may be interesting to people who worship this Anglo-Saxon fetish, to study a little the history of the overthrow of their paltry idol. William, the bastard duke of Normandy, determining to conquer the English Saxons, published his ban in the neighboring countries and gathered around his banner a motley array of all the military vagabonds, free lances, knight errants, freebooters, outlaws and robbers from the Alps to the Rhine. These were the ancestors of the present Anglo-Norman house of lords. Carefully selecting a time when Harold, the then king of England, was engaged in repelling the Danes under Harold, king of Norway, William landed unopposed at Pevensey on Sept. 28, 1066, and hastened promptly to Hastings, where was fought the first and only battle which extinguished at once and forever the Anglo-Saxon monarchy. Far be it from me to sully one leaf in the wreath of glory which encircles the name of the last of the Saxon kings. He was a skillful general, an intrepid soldier, a true patriot and fell as such a man ought to fall.

"With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe."

And with him expired the last hope of his race. Can any Anglo-maniac point to any other people, civilized or savage, who lost land and liberty in one battle save and except the Anglo-Saxons only? The Spanish Visigoths were bloodily defeated by Taric, the one-eyed, in 711 on the banks of the Rio Guandalete, Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, disappeared, how or where is not known, his government was swept out of existence, the Crescent of Islam waved in triumph over Spain from the Pillars of Hercules to the stormy waves of Biscay. The exulting Moors "banned their faith, they banned their lives, they trod them into earth," until it was supposed that the faith of Christ, and the heroism of Spain had alike disappeared. Yet the Spaniards were not subdued. On the contrary, they began the holy war in the rugged sierras of Leon, while the Arabs were at the apex of victory, and finally, after a war of 781 years, under the guidance of the glorious "Ysabella La Catolica," in the same year Columbus discovered America, drove the infidels across the straits never to return.

Ireland was invaded in 1169 (accursed year) and although far inferior to her enemies in point of numbers and resources, she never gave them peace or hardly truce for over 500 years. Generation after generation were only born to die on the battlefield until hardly a blade of grass or a sprig of shamrock grew elsewhere than on a patriot's grave. Looking through the history of the past, a few bright spots light up the gloom; gleaming amid the clouds we can see the levelled pikes of '98, the sheen of O'Neill's sword, the points of O'Donnell's spears, the deadly onset of McHugh's battle-axes, and from the distant but glorious past we can yet hear the thrilling slogan of our invincible sires as on a thousand battlefields they rushed with headlong valor on the foe; perchance to defeat perchance to victory, but never to final surrender. From those cherished fields of pride the heritage of blood and vengeance has been handed down

"From bleeding sire to son,

until it has reached us, and we are degenerate sons of heroic parents if we do not pass it down to our posterity until (home rule or no home rule) the last print of the Saxon hoof is washed out in their own blood.

Poland, the land of Sobieski, Kosciusko and Poniatowski fought a desperate struggle with three of the greatest powers in Europe, arose again and again in hopeless rebellion, until torn and dismembered by the bloody talons of the Russian, Prussian and Austrian vultures her quivering body sank amid the horrors of conquered Warsaw, when

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

Faugh! name not the Saxon villeins and thralls in the same day with these invincible demigods of freedom, who with that "eternal vigilance" which "is the price of liberty," not only died themselves, but taught other men and other nations how to die. How does the single battle of Hastings and the riots led by Wat Tyler and Jack Cade compare with these hundreds of years of battle and martyrdom? Answer, Gov. Beveridge, if you can. After 828 years the Saxons still lie at the feet of the descendants of William's freebooters, and even now when these silken fops and effeminate debauchers spit upon their demands for the merest human rights they lack the manhood to rise and exterminate the vipers' nest. Anglo-Saxon inagh! It will be remembered that Spain, Ireland and Poland were invaded by well organized powerful governments with almost exhaustless resources, while England was invaded by an illegitimate duke, who was repudiated by his own relatives, and who had to return several times to Normandy to reduce his rebellious vavasours to obedience. All historians tell us that his army was composed of a heterogeneous body of desperadoes and freebooters, most of whom owed him neither allegiance nor fealty, who were animated solely by hope of plunder and all the lowest passions of humanity. After the battle of Hastings a perfect panic seized the great Anglo-Saxons, every semblance of organization disappeared, the chiefs fled in all directions, leaving the disheartened people to their fate. There were a few, a very few, honorable exceptions to the above, among the exceptions were two sons of Harold. In the Encyclopedia Britannica I find the following: "Much intercourse appears to have existed between the southern Irish and the Anglo-Saxons, and many Irish nobles were mixed up with English feuds. Intermarriages were also frequent, the king himself being married to Drisella, sister of Editha, Queen of Edward the Confessor. In the rebellion of Earl Godwine, Harold took refuge with his brother-in-law, who gave him nine ships on his return to England."

I cite this to show the relations existing between the Irish and the Saxons before the conquest. And Thierry tells us how they existed immediately after that event. He says: "One of Harold's two sons, Edmund, came from Ireland, where he and his sons had sought refuge, either after the battle of Hastings or after the taking of Exeter, and brought to aid the English sixty-six vessels and a small army. On his approach all the inhabitants of the country rose against the Normans, and the insurrection extended to Devonshire and Dorsetshire. The alliance of the Britons of Cornwall with their Saxon neighbors was renewed, and together they attacked the foreign troops. These were sent to reinforce these Normans, the English auxileries, who had found it easier to join the enemy than to resist them, and as at the siege of Exeter, they were placed in the front ranks to receive the first attack. They were led by Ednoth, formerly one of Harold's great officers, whom William wished to get rid of by sending him against the insurgents; for it was his policy to set these foreigner against each other, calculating to find his advantage in it, on whatever side victory might fall. Ednoth perished with many of his people, the insurrection remained on foot, and the son of Harold returned to Ireland for his brother and fresh troops. Edmund and Godwine sailing together, and doubling Land's End, entered the Tamar in Devonshire, They imprudently ventured into this territory where the Normans quartered in the southern provinces, had assembled all their forces to oppose a barrier to the insurrection of the west. Two chiefs, one of whom, Brian, son of Eudes, the earl or duke of Brittany, attacked them unexpectedly and destroyed more than 2,000 of them, Irish, English and Welsh. The sons of the last Saxon king again regained their vessels and set sail, deprived of all hope. Terror, now, took the place of hope in the hearts of the conquered, they avoided each other, instead of uniting, and the entire southwestern portion of the country was once more silent. Moreover, famine aided William entirely to quell the conquered. Often, for the remains of the repast of a Norman groom, a Saxon, once illustrious among his countrymen, in order to sustain his miserable life, came to sell himself and his whole family to perpetual slavery."

In brief, from the landing of the Normans, five years had hardly passed when all England was quietly at the conqueror's feet. And within seven years we find that "the partisan bands and even the chieftains who had distinguished themselves in the camp of refuge at Ely (the last place where the Saxons made a stand), assembled under the Norman banner," and with William crossed the straits over to Maine, which was then in rebellion against him, where they gave themselves up to a sort of frenzy, to every species of devastation and rapine, tearing up the vines, cutting down the trees, burning the villages; in a word, doing to Maine all the evil they would fain have done to Normandy.

To conclude this record of shame, it may be stated that Edgar, Harold's oldest son, made terms with his father's conqueror, and says Thierry: "Edgar sent a message across the channel to William (who was then in Normandy), who invited him to join him; on his way he traversed all England escorted by the chiefs and Norman governors of the counties and entertained in their castles. At the court of Rouen (William's court), where he remained eleven years, he lived in the king's palace, wore his uniform and occupied himself more with dogs and horses than with politics (and thus he lived and died) "in utter irresolution, taking no determinate course, the sport of events, a man without energy and without pride." After the conquest the Saxons (with a few exceptions of creatures who made terms with their conquerors) fell into utter serfdom, or as it was then called, villeinage. Blackstone in his Commentaries thus describes their condition: "These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins regardant, that is, annexed to the manor or the land, or else they were in grass or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action like beasts or other chattels. In many places, also, a fine was payable to the lord, if the villain presumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord, and by the common law, the lord might bring action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property, for the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents."

In Hallam's Middle Ages I find that: "In the ninth of John, William sued Ralph the priest, for granting away lands which he held, to Canford Priory. Ralph pleaded they were his freehold. William replied that he held them in villeinage, and that he (the plaintiff) had sold one of Ralph's sisters for four shillings."

In other English authors we are told that those villeins wore iron or brass collars with the names of their owners engraved thereon, just as we mark our dogs now-a-days. Indeed, the ordinary epithets applied to them by their Norman masters were Saxon dogs, Saxon churls, etc. Here we find from English and French authors that even under their own kings the Anglo-Saxons were in the main lawless outlaws and robbers, and were held in the lowest kind of bondage, that they clung to their brutal idolatry long after all the neighboring nations had embraced Christianity, that among the first missionaries who dared at the risk of martyrdom to preach the gospel to them were the heroic Irish monks of St. Columbkill, that in the absence of schools in their own barbarous land, they went to Ireland by tens of thousands and continued going for 400 years, where they were housed, fed, clothed, furnished with books (they had none) and educated by our too hospitable fathers without money and without price, that their King Alfred was compelled to go to Ireland to study philosophy and the art of government. In short, that they owed all, or nearly all, the little civilization they possessed, to the generous liberality of the Irish people. History informs us that the Danes made their first incursions into England in 789, and that for 276 years these great Anglo-Saxons were unable to drive out the marauders, and, in fact, they never did expel them until the Normans landed and put a permanent quietus on both Danes and Saxons. I have shown that after defeat at Hastings, Harold's sons escaped to Ireland, where they were hospitably received and sent back with sixty vessels and a reinforcement of 2,000 men who were met in England not only by the Normans, but by a large body of Anglo-Saxons under one of the leading nobles of Harold's court, who, like recreant spaniels, licked the hands of their oppressors, fleshed their fangs in the brave bodies of the heroes who had left home and friends to fight for their cause, and then when deserted by the coward Saxons and decimated by the Normans and their English allies the betrayed Irish fell as became their race fighting to the last:

No shroud but glory wrapp'd them round
Nor prayer, nor tear had they,
But the wand'ring winds and the heavy clouds
Poor exiles, far away."

The Welsh and Scotch also sent reinforcements, and even their old enemies, the Danes, tendered their assistance, but nothing could induce the Saxons to unite against the exulting foe and, abandoning their allies to their fate, they sank into complete serfdom, being bought and sold like "beasts and other chattels." A little over a century after the English conquest the Normans invaded Ireland, and an opportunity was afforded the Anglo-Saxons to repay their Irish friends for the centuries of friendship, hospitality and education which they lavished on their fathers. And how did they repay these valuable and gratuitous services? The history of Ireland for 725 bloody years answers the question. They came in the train of the Norman, not as nobles or knights, but as menial men at arms, they came like the jackal, the hyena and the wolf, to spoil, to destroy, to devour. They desecrated the very schools in which their fathers studied, and the temples in which they worshipped. In many cases the Normans made common cause with the tortured and outraged people, but the Saxons never. Every page of our history since Strongbow's pirates landed is stained by Saxon cruelty and rapacity. But it was under William of Orange, and the bloody wolf Cromwell that their infernal passions attained their darkest dye. The devastations of Tamerlane and Yenghis Kahn were visitations of mercy compared to the fiendish villainies of those bloody days. It seemed as if hell itself had been opened and its fiends let loose to wreak their vengeance on the earth. Laws, which the great French jurist, Montesquieu, declared were framed in hell, were enacted and ruthlessly enforced until it seemed as if the entire Irish race was doomed to extinction. Roman, Saracen and Turkish history may be searched in vain for cruelties which begin to compare with the barbarisms of the vile Anglo-Saxons in Ireland. And yet, not satisfied with their deviltries beyond the sea, they have followed us here, and in the various forms of Orangeism, Know-nothingism and A. P. Aism have kept alive the vile spirit of insensate hatred and malice against us. And these cowardly, base-born ingrates are the people whom Gov. Beveridge and his co-worshippers of the Anglo-Saxon Yernebock hold up for the admiration of the American people! The French, whose splendid services and chivalric valor made it possible for Washington to conquer the Anglo-Saxon at Yorktown; the Irish who have given to America the deathless names of Montgomery, Moylan, Wayne, Jackson, Shields, Meagher, Corcoran, Smythe, Murphy and Sheridan, the Irish whose blood has been lavishly shed in every war from 1775 to 1865 on every battlefield from Chapultepec to Lundy's Lane, are less than nothing in the eyes of our un-American craven renegades like Astor and his puny imitators. But the Anglo-Saxons, the race of Benedict Arnold, the only enemies America has on earth, the Tory fiends of '76, the cold-blooded torturers of the martyrs of the prisonships and the sugar-house in New York, the vandals who burned the capital of our Nation, who armed the red fiends and incited them to invade peaceful villages with tamahawk and scalping knife in 1812, and who yet preserve in their slaughter-house (the Tower) the reeking scalps torn from the lovely heads of American women; who armed the rebels during the rebellion; exulted over every rebel victory and mourned over every rebel defeat; who are today conspiring with Anglo-American free-traders to destroy American industry, these are the wretches to whom Gov. Beveridge and others of that ilk offer up the unpatriotic homage of their adulation. Thank God, oh! thank God we are not Anglo-Saxons by ties of blood or community of sentiment, mediate or immediate; thank God the vast majority of our patriotic fellow-citizens are not Anglo-Saxons; thank God "Europe, not England, is the mother country of America."

A. L. MORRISON.

ANCIENT KILCOLMAN.

Where the English Poet Spenser, Author of "Faerie Queen" Once Lived and Sung.

An Interesting Story of the Days of Elizabeth and the Desmonds.

[*Written for The Citizen.*]

Nearly twenty years ago a party returning to Buttevant from Doneraile went out of their road a little way to visit the ruins of Kilcolman castle. It was a beautiful night in early September; one of those nights for which the Irish autumn is so justly admired. As the night was yet early, and the rest of the journey only a few miles, the party seated themselves for a long rest; and enjoyed the beauty of that romantic spot. The writer of this sketch was one of the party. I have seen many fair scenes since them, but more than once I have found my mind reverting to that fair Mumster valley and soft September night. Were it not for its literary associations, this old castle of Kilcolman differs very little from the rest of the ruined castles to be met with, in wandering through Ireland. That country has been called the land of ruins, and much of her sad history is told in her ruins. Whether we look at a ruined cloister, a crumbling castle, or the blackened walls of the sheeling of our own time, all alike say to us in mute but powerful language, "Behold in me the evidence of English misrule!" It is true that the Irish clans were often spoilers, and many a proud castle, "over walls where the marchmen their red weapons hung," went down before the assaults of a goaded people. It is a common practice to place all the crimes with which Irish history is stained, at the door of the Irish people; but we must bear in mind that such terrible examples had been set for our forefathers, and we would have reason to blush for them if they had tamely submitted to cruel robbery and insult, and not struck back a blow. They "spoiled the spoiler" wherescever they found him. In his fortified castle, in the strong bawn, in the quiet valley, in the forest, and upon the mountain side, Irish vengeance found him out, and those terrible Irish axes, which English writers, from Cambrensis down to Spenser, wrote so terribly against, went crashing through his brain.

Super-sensitive people turn away from Irish history, Duffy says, as they would from some scene of human suffering. No doubt, the pages of her history are blurred with tears and red with blood, but we shall never be able to understand it, and Irish history will continue to be a neglected study unless we put our feelings to one side, and wade through those torrents of blood and tears. It is one of the many misfortunes of the Ireland of today, says Russell, that you cannot speak of her present condition without alluding to her past. And the historian Young says, (and he is not over-friendly to Ireland) that "The great misfortune of Ireland is that she alone, of all nations, broods with a sort of malignant affection over past wrongs; but it must be confessed that this love of agony and exasperation has been fostered by the narrow and mistaken views of legislators, who made the present an index, rather than an erasure, of the past." It was with such thoughts as these filling our minds, that the little party turned away from the ruins of Kilcolman that night, now fondly looked back to.

"And ponder its meaning when haply you stray
Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay,
With night owls for wardens, the goshawk for guest,
And their dais of honor by cattle-hoofs pressed;
With its fosse choked with rushes, and spider-webs flung
Over walls, where the marchmen their red weapons hung.
A curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour
That tarries so long."

The ruins of Kilcolman castle are about two miles north of the pretty village of Doneraile, upon the north side of a little lake, and not far from the Awbeg river, in the county of Cork. Down to the Irish wars of Elizabeth, the castle of Kilcolman was one of the many residences of the great Earl of Desmond. It was clearly the policy of England to break down the power of this family, and nothing was left undone to accomplish such an object. The Act of Attainder passed against them was made retrospective, and declared null and void all grants of land made by Desmond previous to 1580. The family of Desmond, although coming into Ireland in 1172, as hungry adventurers in search of Irish lands, had yet, in the course of centuries, established themselves firmly in the island, and by marriage and many other ties, connected themselves with the Irish chieftains and clans. Had the invaded and invaders been permitted to grow into one homogeneous people, we should not now at this late day be listening to plans for the settlement of "the Irish question." But the statute books of England are the best proof, that it was the policy of that country to keep an ever widening chasm between the two peoples. Two hundred years almost (in 1367) after the invasion, we find a Pale parliament in Kilkenny enacting laws, which for brutality and far-reaching effect, have never been surpassed. Marriage and fostering with the native Irish were forbidden under pain of death, and the taking of Irish names, or speaking the Irish tongue, or wearing the Irish dress, or in any way conforming to Irish customs brought pains and penalties, and in the end brought beggary and death. The outraging of Irish womanhood was declared to be no crime, and the killing of all "Irishry not in the companie of goodly Englishmen" regarded as a service done the state. Even the practice of one common religion had no softening effect, for the acts of disunion and exclusion extended even to the church, and no "mere Irishry" could attend school, or be received into any religious house within the Pale. America draws people from every land under the sun almost, and in a few generations they form one common people, all attached to one government, and governed alike; today, in Ireland, after more than seven hundred years, there are two parties—the invaded Irishman and the English invader. The poet of our own time did not exaggerate when he wrote—

"What might have been, we do not know,
If, in the long evanished years,
A generous heart was in the foe
That rushed upon our fathers' spears.
But, as the ages rolled along,
One ruthless purpose still they knew;
And 'mid the storms of hate and wrong,
The Irish generations grew
A separate race, distinct, apart,
And so till time itself shall end,
The Irish and the English heart,
No human power can fuse or blend."

As soon as the descendants of the first settlers showed any desire to intermingle with the native Irish, they were taunted with the term of "degenerate English," and always persecuted by new arrivals from England, or by one of their own people, helped on by English power and cunning. All the disunion cannot be charged to the Irish people. "It is a common saying," says one writer, "that if you place one Irishman upon a spit you will generally find another to turn him; but it ought to be borne in mind that the turnspit was usually the foreigner in Ireland; or the son of the foreigner." When people charge us now with disunion, they ought in common justice go back to the starting point, and they will find that the same agency which put between us long years ago, is at work today. "Divide and conquer"—oh, surely, in all this world's history you cannot find a more sorrowful example of this cowardly policy, than unhappy Ireland!

Between the powerful families of Desmond and Ormond a mutual jealousy and dislike existed. It is an often told story that, upon one occasion, when Ormond's soldiers were carrying a wounded Desmond upon a litter from the field of battle, one of them in derision asked—"Where now is the proud Desmond?" to which the wounded man replied with spirit, "Where he always was—upon the necks of the Ormonds!" In the end, these contentions proved fatal to the family of Desmond. According as it suited her policy, England espoused the quarrel of Ormond at one time, and of Desmond at another, the destruction of both being always kept in view. The prime minister of England, Burghley, writing to Ormond in the name of Queen Elizabeth, says, "So now I will merely say, 'Butler (Ormond) Aboo!' against all that cry in the new language 'Papa Aboo!' and God grant you your heart's desire to banish and vanquish those cankered Desmonds." We live in different times, and although the end sought for is still the same, the methods engloyed by England in subduing Ireland differ but little. Another prime minister told us to banish a man who "put a new soul into Ireland," and we drove him to his grave. In return we were promised many great things. Behold, the minister returns from the scene; the bread has turned out to be only a cruel stone! Ormond had his wish soon gratified. Desmond was declared a "traitor" in 1580, and he "verified the proclamation," says the historian, "by attacking the Queen's camp at Rathkeale, and setting up his standard on Ballyhowra Hill in Cork county." Is it not a curious fact that no matter what his previous offenses may have been, an enemy to England is always regarded as a friend to Ireland? The Irish now rallied to the support of Desmond. His mortal enemy, Ormond, was appointed Lord President of Munster, and Lord Grey de Wilton appointed chief of the government.

Vast preparations were made to crush for ever the power of the Desmond. Broad lands were waiting for the hungry adventurers, who began to arrive from England. One writer has compared Ireland at this period to a richly laden vessel stranded upon a savage coast, and at the mercy of a host of barbarians. Munster was in a blaze from one end to the other. The English general, Malby, burned the Desmonds' country, "killing all the human beings he could find up to the walls of Askeaton." Down in Kerry, where the Spaniards who were sent by the Pope to Desmond's aid, had made a landing and built a fortification, we find the Dennies, and the Crosbies, the Hurleys, and the Gunns, and that sweet cutthroat of all, Walter Raleigh, inhumanly putting them to death, after terms of surrender had been obtained. Lord Grey in his dispatch about this surrender says, "And then, put I in certayne bands, who streighte fell to execution, and six hundred were slayn." As for the Irish taken, they were hanged in batches, and many more had their limbs broken and were then thrown headlong into the sea, Raleigh superintending the butchery. How much sympathy has been wasted upon this monster!

Desmond was beaten at last, and with a price upon his head, as if he were a wild beast, was hunted from one place to another. The story of his wanderings, and of the devotion of his wife, reads more like romance than sober history. "She roamed with him by night and by day, hid with him in brakes and fens, cheered him in the sooty cabin, by the scanty fire and ventured more than once within the very walls of the castle, to see whether the melting eloquence of her devotedness and woe, would move a heart to save him." He was cruelly butchered by a wretch named Kelly, in a glen called Glanaquilty, near Tralee in the county Kerry, and his head sent to London, to be spiked and then jeered at by the rabble. His body was concealed for some time, and at last buried in the church of Killanamanagh—Cill-na-manach—the Church of the Monks.

T. J. F.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

C. T. A. U. OF ILLINOIS.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois, one of the strongest temperance organizations in the State, will hold its twenty-third annual convention in the city of Peoria, May 27. Trains will leave the Dearborn Station on Sunday, at 8 a. m., over the Santa Fe R. R., returning the same evening. The fare for the round trip will be $4.25. Those holding tickets can return on any of the regular trains or lay over for a few days. All persons who intend going on this excursion should try and purchase tickets by 12 o'clock on Saturnay, May 26. Local committees in Peoria have been appointed, and the most complete arrangements are being made to give the delegates and visitors a royal welcome to the central city of the State. Through the kindness of the Santa Fe directors the rates have been reduced to one fare for the round trip. They also guarantee superb accommodation, so that the excursion in itself may be to the delegates and friends of temperance a pleasant and an agreeable outing. The train will stop at Joliet, Streator, Coal City and Eureka, where delegates to this convention will join our column. It is expected that the following gentlemen will favor the convention with their presence, and by their undoubted eloquence and ability aid in the furtherance of the temperance movement, viz, Rev. M. Dowling, S. J., Hon. W. J. Onahan, W. P. Rend and others. From present indications we have the assurance that this convention will be the largest ever held by the Union in the State of Illinois. To all societies, whether in or out of the Union, and the citizens in general who believe in the sanctity, happiness and sobriety of the home and principles of good government, a cordial invitation is extended. The cause we have espoused being the cause of God and virtuous freedom, we will therefore welcome and warmly greet at the convention all who have the honor of our erring brothers at heart.

THOMAS P. HODNETT, Pres.
Rector St. Malachy's Church.
W. J. O'CONNOR, Rec. Sec.
W. QUINLAN, Cor. and Fin. Sec.

HYMENEAL.

KEOGH-KEHOE.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Clowry Kehoe, daughter of Mrs. Rossiter Kehoe, to John Blanchfield Keogh, was quietly solemnized Monday morning at Holy Angels' church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. A. Tighe. The bride was attended by Miss Annie Clowry as maid of honor, and William J. Clowry served the groom as best man. A wedding breakfast followed at the residence of the bride's mother, after which Mr. and Mrs. Keogh departed for a wedding trip in the South.

FATHER O'MAHONY'S VIEWS.

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Ill., May 10.—A new Home-Rule-for-Ireland movement is threatened from Chicago. Will it ever materialize, or its members march, flags flying, "on to College Green?" Never, not even one step will its columns move, because the whole thing is played-out bunkum. Two sets of Irishmen believe in home rule—one, set the "Union-Jackists," who would be satisfied and contented slaves as an integral part of the British empire. Another set believe if home rule be won it will be a plank gained for the platform of separation—an opportunity to win more, a point towards the goal of freedom. There were many who thought the Land League would also be "an opportunity," a point in the game between England and Ireland. And what has the Land League done? It stripped a few pounds off the landlords' rent, it gave some little security to tenant farmers, but it made all this large class anti-Nationalists, anti-Parnellites, if you will. Foolish for England not to make the farmers of Ireland peasant proprietors. Then the English would have a large army of "Irish Yeomen" as they had in small part in '98 and '48, men with "a stake in the country" to keep out these foolish rebels and Fenians. Oh, no, gentlemen home rulers, don't add to the enemies of "Irish Freedom," the large number of place-holders and tuft-hunters that home rule would bring around Dublin Castle and College Green!" If you despair of working out Ireland's freedom by "rifle and ball," or are afraid, keep out of the road of men who hope, and work, and pray for "an Irish Republic."

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY,
Pastor.

How's This:

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

SINCE WHEN WE MET.

Since when we met I've [illegible] no more
The [illegible]
In vain I [illegible] the path—
I [illegible]

For [illegible] tender voice
Sets [illegible]
Her blue eyes bring [illegible] day for me—
Her red lips are [illegible]

—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE ANT HUNTER.

A delicious freshness pervaded the woods. The sparrows flitted in and out among the branches and sang to one another their sweetest songs. On a projecting bough a finch had comfortably settled himself and was whistling with the utmost nonchalance the sole number contained in the poor rascal's repertory.

It was a rare delight indeed to wander through this natural loveliness after leaving scarcely two hours before the stifling atmosphere of a railway car. And the pathway through which I loitered in happiest mood was a narrow one. The highway indeed would have conducted me more quickly to the desired haven, but on this most magnificent summer day I very naturally chose the longer walk through some of the most beautiful bits of forest in the neighborhood.

Suddenly the sunshine glinted more brightly through the trees. It must be that I was approaching a clearing, and in truth a few more steps brought me to an open place, which spread itself out like an island in the heart of the wood. Near the edge of the clearing knelt a man who was industriously filling a sack. Could it be earth that he was scooping up, and for what purpose?

I stole nearer. That which the man was gathering was the peculiar nest of the wood ant, cunningly put together from bits of plants and pine needles. All this the man put into a wire sieve, through which the ants and their white larvæ fell into the sack.

"Good success?" said I, with friendly greeting.

The ant hunter looked up and pushed back a little his old felt hat. Then he said: "It will do, sir. There isn't anybody in the neighborhood who cares to be a rival in the business."

"Indeed! Has any one any objection to it?"

"Hm; yes! The work makes one look so!" said the ant hunter, and his eye ran over his own shabby exterior.

He wore a dirty and ragged brown coat, was barefooted, and pressed upon his frowsy head was a crumpled hat of doubtful color. Between his teeth he held a short pipe, the rudely fantastic head of which he might have carved himself. The old stump must have been the dearest thing he called his own, for even when he spoke it did not leave his lips.

I had never before seen an ant hunter, although he is a characteristic feature of the Alps, so I sat down upon the stump of a tree to watch him work.

"You won't see anything very remarkable," said he, shaking the sieve. "My work is simple enough."

He spread out a linen cloth, fastened down its four corners with wooden pins and surrounded the whole with pine branches; then he took the sack and shook its contents out upon the cloth. Immediately the lively little creatures seized their babies and sought to hide them among the sheltering twigs. Thereupon the ant hunter brushed these twigs with a coarse rag, and the ants remained hanging to the twigs, while the larvæ lay clearly distinguishable upon the cloth spread out below.

"My crop is gathered for today," said he, thrusting his booty into the sack.

"And does this business make you a living?" I asked.

"Oh, it'll do! The dealers pay me pretty well, and the amount I need for my living"— He did not finish the sentence, but a sad smile flitted over his face.

While his work had been going on his pipe had gone out, and he drew out now a closely tied tobacco pouch. It was empty. I could see that the old man was greatly disappointed, and that after his hard work he had counted upon this modest enjoyment. Help, however, was at hand, for although no smoker myself I always carry tobacco with me on these mountain excursions. It is an "open sesame" when even the jingle of coin is ineffectual—no Alpine shepherd can resist it. Such a packet I took from my pocket now, and opening it offered it to the ant hunter.

"Here is some. Try it and see if it suits you."

What had I done? The man stood as though transfixed, his eyes staring. A shudder ran through his body.

"Sir!" he burst forth, but excitement would not let him proceed further.

"Take it, I beg of you!" said I.

Upon this a curious change came over his countenance. A suspicious moisture appeared in his eyes. His bosom rose and fell, and involuntarily he stretched out his hand for the little packet.

"Sir," he faltered. "Sir, excuse me, but it is fully 12 years since a human being has offered me a kindness."

"You—avoid people?" said I, perplexed.

"Or they me—which amounts to the same thing," said he bitterly.

I looked narrowly at him. He dropped his eyes.

"But they are right!" he went on, as if talking to himself. "It is indeed a disgrace to associate with a jailbird!"

He stopped as though he expected me to order him off. He waited in vain, however, for though astounded at his disclosure I said not a word.

"Whether one became such through his own desert or if he be really a bad man no one ever takes the trouble to ask. It is enough that he has worn the striped jacket. He must be a rascal."

"You have really experienced this yourself?" I asked.

"What, I? Do you really think so, sir? Ha, ha, ha!" His laugh was forced and shrill. Suddenly his manner changed.

"Forgive me, sir!" said he, with surprising quietness. "The miserable business belongs to years gone by. I never like to stir it up, but as you have been so kind I would not have you get a wrong impression of me, so listen and despise me if you can."

He packed up his implements, threw his sack over his shoulder and started on his way.

"I'm bound for S.," said I. "Are you going the same way?"

"The same, sir, whichever way you go. I am everywhere—or rather, nowhere—at home."

We walked on and soon entered again the magnificent wood. But its beauty found me indifferent now. I was all absorbed in the mysterious man at my side, whose eyes were fixed intently upon the mossy earth.

"You were going to tell me your story," said I, taking up the conversation where we had left off.

"I was going to—yes. But really, now, I'm almost sorry I said so. However, I promised, and I must keep my word, for somehow you're different from the rest."

He struck a match and lighted his pipe, which he had already filled with my tobacco.

"One would never think, to look at me now," said he after a few pulls at his pipe, "that I was the son of a rich farmer. Ah, truly, time can do strange things with men! My father—blessed be his memory—was wrong when he so often said, nearly 30 years ago, that his wild boy wouldn't live to see many years. I've seen only too many of them!

"There was my brother Xavier—an entirely different sort of fellow—my exact opposite. While I wandered the whole day long in the woods he would sit poring over books thick with dust even in our grandfathers' day which he found in the garret.

"In the catechism he stood at the head. The pastor had not met so industrious a boy in years.

"And I? Oh, I was a good for nothing, who deserved a whipping every day! I got it often enough, too, and it didn't agree so badly with me either, for I grew to be such a big fellow as couldn't be matched in the neighborhood.

"I think for one while there wasn't a village fair in the vicinity where I didn't play the rowdy. This would have been a pretty bad state of affairs if it had lasted long, but an end soon came to it—an end which I would gladly have exchanged for an honest stab in a tavern brawl. It happened thus:

"Can you see, sir, that old tumble down hut over there between those two larches? Twelve years ago that was the home of an old day laborer. It is easy to be seen that wealth had no place there, but the house was kept by Marie, the old man's daughter—a girl so pretty that the angels in heaven might have rejoiced to look at her. What wonder was it that I often stopped to chat with her over the fence or fasten a nosegay in her bodice on my way home?

"Well, the summer passed away, and when winter came on, raw and cold, and I had no excuse for wandering among the mountains, still something drew me irresistibly to those old paths, and I could not let a single day go by without seeing Marie.

"Her father saw how matters were going, but he made no objections. For while he knew that I was a wild sort of a scamp he did not believe there was anything really bad in me. And he was not mistaken.

"The time came at last when I must acquaint my father with the state of affairs. Oh, but you should have seen, sir, the storm it raised! It had never entered into my lovesick brain that Marie was the daughter of a poor peasant! The old man was stubborn, and I equally so. For six whole weeks I did not sit down to a meal with him. Xavier in the meanwhile was all devotion. And he was right—my noble brother—for was I not making my choice between Marie and my share of the property?

"Just then it seemed as if heaven itself meant to spoil his calculations. The dreaded day for the military draft came on. I had the year before drawn the lucky number which exonerated me from service. It was now Xavier's turn to try the wheel of fortune.

"He drew a blank, and unless a substitute should be provided he must within a few days join the army.

"My father was inconsolable. A substitute was no easy thing to obtain, especially as the very air seemed full of ominous portents, and any day might come the news that war had been declared.

"A thought flashed through my mind. I swallowed my pride on the instant and once more entered the old man's presence.

"'Father,' said I, 'if you will give your consent to my marriage with Marie, I will be Xavier's substitute.'

"Three days later I was wearing the kaiser's green uniform."

The ant hunter stopped for an instant and looked about him.

"It is a beautiful little bit of earth, this fatherland," he went on to say, "and I have always loved it. My grandfather gave his life for it. He was killed in the year 1809 in a battle with the French. He little dreamed, good man, that a grandson of his would cover his untarnished name with disgrace, and shut up in a fortress as a cowardly betrayer of his prince curse the day that ever he was born.

"And can you imagine, sir, who brought me there? A miserable scoundrel, the offscouring of humanity! May the earth swallow him up, and God curse him! By heaven, I was not bad, but they were bound to have me so, and the one who can most congratulate himself on his success is no other than Xavier, my precious brother Xavier!

"It was not enough that he had robbed me of my father's heart. He must take from me that for which I had sacrificed my freedom.

"Through what deviltry he managed it I could never find out. Suffice it to say, I had been scarcely six months in the army when a fellow from my native village did me the friendly service to tell me that Xavier and Marie had been called out three times from the altar.

"At first I only ridiculed the idea, but later I was convinced that it was only too true.

"Do you see that blade of grass there, sir? Whichever way the wind blows strongest, that way it blows—a picture of a woman's heart. From that day I lost my faith in humanity.

"Oh, but it was a fearful blow to me! I thought I was going to lose my mind. Only one thing seemed plain to me. I must see the miserable pair and avenge myself.

"The day on which they were to be married I was on my way home. I had asked for no furlough. I had thought of none. All unwittingly I had become a deserter.

"At last I was within sight of my goal. Already I could hear the church-bells ringing and shuddered at their tones. They were the funeral knell of my fool's happiness. Oh, how I longed for wings! Perhaps I could get there yet and stop this horrible thing, and then— But, no; strength failed me. My limbs were like lead, and only with difficulty could I drag myself along.

"When I reached the church, I was too late. The bridal procession was just coming out. I can see them now as if it had happened only yesterday. Oh, that a thunderbolt had fallen from heaven and transfixed them all! But, ah, no! The sun up there shone brighter than ever, the birds sang in the great linden trees, and underneath them the village musicians struck up a lively waltz.

"It was as if everything had conspired together to mock me. I could bear it no longer. In a rage I picked up a stone from the road and dashed toward Xavier. One shriek, then another—and then all was still."

"You killed him?" said I, horrified.

"Killed him? A fortnight later I found myself imprisoned in a fortress. Today, by particular favor of the kaiser, I am again free—a ragged ant hunter. And Xavier? Do you see, sir, that big house over there? It is the finest in the neighborhood. There my brother lives with his wife and several children. Behold the righteous reward which heaven metes out! 'Vengeance is his,' our pastor would tell us. Can one be surprised that I have lost my faith?"

The ant hunter pressed his hat low upon his forehead, gruffly bade me goodby, then struck into the path among the bushes on our left which led over a stony hillside to an isolated farmhouse, where he hoped, without doubt, to dispose of his curious wares.

Lost in thought, I picked my way along the rough path to the village whose church steeples were reflected in every direction by the glowing rays of the sun, which, in its setting, looked like a magnificent carbuncle.

Slowly and laboriously the dark shadows climbed from the valley up the mountain. But no sweet, refreshing breeze announced the approach of evening. A sultry, oppressive heat hung over the entire region, and a black cloud, like a chariot drawn by invisible horses, came up in the farthest west as the advance guard of a menacing storm.

S. is one of those pretty little villages which these high mountains hide by the hundred among their valleys. Its largest building, next to the church, is its tavern, which offers the friendliest of hospitality. Upon its sign is blazoned a chamois, the future ornament of the Alps—as yet, alas, a mythical creature!

As I entered the public room in my comfortable negligee there upon the center table was already burning the petroleum lamp—an article now to be found in every peasant's hut. By a corner table sat several peasants, with their beer mugs before them. I stepped past them toward an open window and looked out.

It had already grown very dark, and the whole heavens, as far as the eye could reach, were enveloped in black dangerous looking clouds. Every now and then there would be a bright flash on the farthest horizon where the mountain peaks kissed the clouds, and then would come a response in low, heavy growls from unfathomable abysses.

Scarcely 10 minutes later a wild hurricane was in full blast. Heavy drops fell pattering upon the ground. Lightning flashes came thick and fast, and from the church tower pealed forth the storm bell.

The barroom door creaked on its hinges, and a man, bent and dripping with rain, appeared within it. Without a word he stepped in and retired quickly to a dark corner. It was the ant hunter.

The landlady sat by the stove and knit. Only from time to time, as an especially blinding flash would shoot across the heavens, would she let her work fall in her lap and make quickly the sign of the cross. She had indeed noticed the new guest, but evidently did not think him worthy of a second glance.

"A dram!" said the ant hunter roughly. The landlady knit industriously on.

"A dram!" came more violently from the corner. That took effect. Slowly the woman got up. More leisurely than was necessary she went to the cupboard and finally placed, with scant courtesy, the desired liquor before her guest. The latter looked at her in a curiously mocking way.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" said he. "I have the same right to sit here as the others. I pay my bills."

At the table where the peasants sat there had been a great commotion ever since the arrival of the ant hunter. There was much putting of heads together, very animated whispering and an industrious passing about of the pitcher.

"Landlady!" finally cried the principal speaker of the company, a broad shouldered, thick set man, "the pitcher is empty. If you want to fill it again, please to notice that we're not going to sit in the same room with a jailbird."

The ant hunter shrank at the tones of this voice.

"Xavier!" he faltered.

The man so designated caught the word, and with flushed face and hoiding his oaken stool in his hand took a few steps forward.

"Now," said he, trembling with excitement, "there is the door!"

The ant hunter had risen. He seemed strangely calm.

"Xavier," said he, "you are making yourself unnecessary trouble. Your scorn no longer irritates me. Once have I raised my hand against you in revenge, but I ought not to have done it. Now I am waiting until the hour itself comes."

A blinding light flooded the whole room. Then came a fearful clap. The windows rattled. With a shriek, the landlady sprang up, and all rushed to the window.

"That struck!" said the ant hunter and sat quietly down again.

Outside deepest darkness reigned. In vain did we seek to pierce it. Suddenly a column of fire mounted to heaven. The whole village was as light as day.

"O God, my farm buildings!" cried Xavier, burying his face in his hands.

"I believe the hour is here," said the ant hunter and emptied his glass.

From the towers sounded again the storm bell. Grewsome were the shrill tones as they rang through the darkness of the night.

"Fire! Fire!" was next heard through the village, and the startled people ran hither and thither in the wildest excitement. Windows were thrown open, doors creaked on their hinges, and everybody rushed toward the wooded ridge from the foot of which a mighty pyramid of flame rose toward the sky.

Shrieking and crying, the frightened women and children begged their husbands and fathers not to expose themselves to danger.

But their alarm was groundless. They had nothing to fear from that scene of horror. Not a finger was lifted to bring help to that stricken home. God himself had hurled the thunderbolt, and where he kindles the fire—so it is related shudderingly from generation to generation of the peasant folk—billows of water are powerless to extinguish it.

Idly, therefore, stood hundreds of people before the finest farmhouse in the valley and gazed with impotent horror into the flames which would soon engulf it.

With disheveled locks and wild despair in his eyes, Xavier appeared now and then and threw out whatever came to his hand, howsoever worthless it might be.

The wretched man had lost his senses. A group of women had gathered about the well, and in their midst lay the farmer's wife, who had dropped down there utterly exhausted from fright and excitement. She had been with the children in the house when the lightning struck the adjoining barn and set it on fire. When she flew from the house, the rafters were already ablaze.

The women were bathing her head with the fresh well water when she opened her eyes and looked anxiously about.

"Friedel, Loire!" she cried, and with the words pressed the sobbing children to her breast.

"Merciful heaven! My little Tony!" she suddenly shrieked, springing to her feet. "He lies up there in his cradle and will be burned to death!"

Horror held the bystanders spellbound. It was heartrending to see the poor mother in her despair. It did not seem possible for a human being to offer help. Already the flames were bursting from the windows. Even Xavier had been forced to desist from his labors. With singed hair and clothing, he appeared now in the doorway.

"My baby! My baby! Save my baby!" moaned the mother, wringing her hands.

No one stirred. Any attempt would have been foolhardy.

"Give me my child, or I shall die!" she cried again and rushed herself toward the scorching, fiery furnace, as if to snatch her darling from its depths. Just then a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, holding her back.

"Don't do that, Marie," she heard a rough voice say. "You have made me a criminal; now I will take my revenge!"

An icy chill ran through my veins at these words. It was the ant hunter who spoke.

"Joseph! Good heavens! Would you kill my child!" cried the mother, and in her desperation she clung about his knees.

Quick as lightning the ant hunter pushed her from him and rushed himself into the billowing flames. A cry of horror burst from all who saw him. The unhappy man had voluntarily gone to his death. Any instant the rafters might fall in, and if he were not suffocated with the smoke they would bury him in their ruins.

A few breathless, horrible moments went by. Silently all eyes were fixed upon the fire wreathed windows, when suddenly there appeared at the top one a figure holding a black object high in his hands.

"Catch it!" sounded from above. Twenty hands were stretched into the air and caught the cradle which the ant hunter dropped to them.

A low whimpering issued from it.

"He lives!" were the joyful words that rang from the heart of the mother.

"He lives!" fell with a hollow sound from the window above, and the whole house, with a fearful crack and tumble, seemed to repeat the words.

The handsome farmhouse disappeared as if by magic, and in its place a charred ruin yawned horribly.

"Joseph!" shrieked the farmer's wife, bethinking herself of the rescuer of her child.

All was still.

"He is avenged!" said I, half aloud, and turned away to hide my tears.—Translated From the German For Romance.

An Unpopular Cure.

We are told that a cross eyed boy recently fell 100 feet and was not only uninjured, but his eyes were straightened. It is not likely, however, that this cure for crossed eyes will be generally tried.—Chicago Times.

A SAD STATE OF SOCIETY.

Count Tolstoi Thinks That Things Are Better In America Than Elsewhere.

In the London Standard is given an admirable account of an interesting interview which a Russian journalist has had with Count Leo Tolstoi.

The journalist had beforehand apprised the count of his intention and stated that the theme of conversation he wished to start would be "the vicious tendency of society," or briefly, "inbred sin," and the count consented to give his ideas on the subject as follows: "Suppose for a moment," said he, "that six tigers had been brought in a solid iron cage to some menagerie in the government of Tula. Go on to suppose that the beasts had broken loose and spread over the plains and forests, attacking the inhabitants. Naturally, if these six tigers were killed or caught and shut up again in their cages, the mischief would be at an end. Some people seem to think that the case of vicious men is similar, in which they are altogether mistaken. Vitiated human beings are not tigers in Tula, but wolves—wolves which regularly breed there and have done so for generations, and which it is absolutely impossible to exterminate."

"You propose, then, count"——

"I declare that if I find that in my own house fleas are breeding it would be strange for me to try and catch these insects one by one. A much simpler way is to clean out all the dust and dirt from the house, and the fleas will disappear of themselves."

"And what have you to say, count, of the rapid development of 'the vicious tendency' which is to be observed now even in the most cultivated society?"

"It is due to the absence of good sense and of love. I consider the cultured society of today, as you call it, as something abnormal. Common sense has lost its footing there, and, as for love, it is conspicuous by its absence. It is very sad. 'Inbred sin' (zlaya volia) leads to grewsome consequences, especially because it is never possible to define the form in which it is likely to manifest itself or the victims predestined for it. If a dying horse in the street lashes out in spasms, any passerby may fall under his hoof."

"You say a 'dying horse?'"

"A 'dying' or raging or bolting, it is all the same. I mean an 'abnormal' animal, just in the same condition as an abnormal man—of vicious tendency."

"And which nation do you consider the most abnormal at the present time—Americans, French, English, Germans?"

"At any rate, not Americans! To their credit must be put an immense national self love which cannot exist in an abnormal people. I one day wrote an article on America and the Americans, in which I did not particularly overload the latter with flattery. Nevertheless I sent the MSS. over the ocean, thinking it would be accepted by any paper as eagerly as my other productions. Not a bit of it. The translator took it to 14 different editors without it getting accepted and finally it had to be sent to England."

"If not America, count, then?"

"Why, France! Can anybody consider France as normal where such things as 'Panama' occur, where men occupying high positions in society are ready to commit any crime for gold? Is that a normal state? A thousand times no!"

Modes of Divination.

If a Scottish maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read. On All Hallow eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold, a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing also in England, as Gay has described:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me sore amased,
That in a flame of brightest color blazed,
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow.

Or they took a candle and went alone to a looking glass, eating an apple and combing their hair before it, whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.—All the Year Round.

Dwarfing Bamboo Trees.

The dwarfing of bamboo trees is an important branch of the Japanese nursery business. A few weeks after the shoots begin to grow, and when the trunks measure about 3 inches in circumference and 5 feet in height the bark is removed, piece by piece, from the joint. After five weeks, when the plants get somewhat stout, the stem is bent and tied in.

After three months, when the side shoots grow strong enough, they are all cut off five or six inches from the main trunk, they are then dug up and potted in sand. Care should be taken not to use any fertilizer, but plenty of water should be given. Cut off the large shoots every year in May or June, and after three years the twigs and leaves will present admirable yellow and green tints.—Garden and Forest.

One View of the Transaction.

"Did you hear Banx say that he bought that property for a song?"

"Yes."

"Ever hear him warble?"

"Occasionally."

"Then you must realize that that purchase was about the worst case of intimidation on record."—American Industries.

Education.

Education has silently become the one thing which all men who differ ever so much in creed, culture, sect and race now practically agree to believe in.—President G. Stanley Hall in Forum.

THEY SWORE OFF.

When He Resumed His Little Vice, She Took Up With Her Own.

A prominent young man of this city has been an inveterate cigarette smoker for several years past, and he indulged in the habit to such an extent that it was injuring his health. He has a girl of whom he thinks all the world, and it's a case of vice versa. This young lady has a very good complexion, but has an inordinate love for the use of powder, which habit the young man detests as heartily as she does his cigarette habit. They finally agreed that each would swear off, the one from using powder and the other from smoking cigarettes.

It was hard work for the young man, but every time he hungered for a wad of nicotine his mind pictured the form of his fair one parading down street with her face looking like a pan of dough, and he desisted. This went on for several weeks, and each was remarking how much better the other was looking, but the old craving for the coffin nail came upon the young man once more, and one day last week he broke over. He thought no one would ever find it out, but he was seen, the news was carried to the girl, and she prepared to get even.

They were to go to see a certain popular comedian the last night he was here, and the young man called with a cab. The young lady was at the door, her face closely muffled, and in her hand the bouquet that cost him $5. Arrived at the opera house, they were entering the door when the young man turned to speak to the fair one by his side. Oh, that face! She had smeared it with powder until it had been necessary to cut eyeholes. It was frightful. He stopped. "Are you going in looking like that?"

"Just as you say," was the response.

"Well, I say no. I'm not traveling with freaks now. We'll go back home."

And they did. It cost him $10, there were two vacant seats at the opera house, but the young man has not smoked any cigarettes since.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Night For Sleep.

Man, in common with most of the animal creation, has accepted the plain suggestion of nature that the approach of night should imply a cessation of effort. If he ignores this principle, his work is done against inherited habit and so far with additional fatigue. It follows, too, that he must use artificial light and sustain its combustion at the cost of his own atmosphere. Naturally, therefore, when he does rest, his relief is not proportioned to his weariness.

As in many cases, however, sensation is not here the most reliable guide to judicious practice. Established custom affords a far truer indication of the method most compatible with healthy existence. The case of the overworked and the invalid lends but a deceptive color to the argument of the daylight sleeper. In them excessive waste of tissue must be made good, and sleep, always too scanty, is at any time useful for this purpose.

For the healthy majority, however, the old custom of early rest and early waking is certain to prove in future, as returns of longevity and common experience alike show that it has proved in the past, most conducive to health and active life.—London Lancet.

Charity at a Pawnshop.

A man who had been to his uncle's said: "No one can claim that charity is not widely distributed in this city after seeing the contribution boxes that are hung up in conspicuous places in the smaller of the pawnbrokers' shops. The particular relative to whom I spoke of it told me that the little boxes were put up every year about the beginning of the autumn and generally were for the benefit of some Hebrew charity.

"They are taken down just before the holidays, and he said that for the past 10 years the one in his shop had averaged between $12 and $15, mostly in 5 and 10 cent pieces, although once the agent had found a $5 piece in it. 'One doesn't look for much charity among persons who have to pawn their goods,' he said, 'but I've seen the very poorest class of men and women look at the box with interest and then drop something into it.'"—New York Mail and Express.

Trees Five Thousand Years Old.

The oldest as well as the most interesting botanical monuments now growing upon the earth are the baobab or sour gourd trees of Africa. This remarkable tree has a short branching trunk which seldom attains a height of over 70 feet, while its diameter is often as great as 80 or 100 feet. Adanson, the naturalist who gave the genus its botanical name, calculating from scientific data, says that the age of some of the oldest of these trees is little if any short of 5,000 years. The hollow trunks of these forest giants, which are often of a capacity sufficient to furnish room for 40 or 50 bodies, are used as tombs by the native Africans, who suspend the remains of their departed friends and relatives on hooks fastened upon the interior of such trees for that purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Space.

If there was no dust haze above us, the sky would be black—that is, we would be looking into the blackness of a limitless space. When in fine, clear weather we have a deep rich blue above us, it is caused by a haze. The particles in the haze of the heavens correspond with those of the tube in the koniscope, and the blue color is caused by the light shining through a depth of fine haze.—London Million.

Too Severe.

Police Magistrate—This case shows unusual depravity. The sentence of the court is that the prisoner be confined in jail for 30 days and fed on bread and water.

Penitent Vagrant—Jedge, for heaven's sake, make it jist bread!—Chicago Tribune

FIREMEN ARE BURNED.

INCENDIARIES IN A SIOUX CITY, IA., FIRE STATION.

No Clew to the Perpetrator of the Diabolical Deed—Passenger Train on the Monon Runs into an Open Switch and Several People Are Injured.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., May 14.—Incendiaries stole into the fire department stables at Station No. 2 in the morning, poured a gallon of gasoline over the bedding and set fire to it. The entire first floor was ablaze in a trice. City Electrician Provost slid down the post to liberate the horses, but immediately cried to the others: "Don't come; I am burning up." But Captain Hilgers had already started and slid into the flames. Both managed to get out of a window, but were so badly burned as to make recovery doubtful.

Fireman F. B. Igley was also terribly burned trying to save the horses, which were lost, together with the apparatus and the fire alarm batteries. A big door hooked on the inside was opened to give the fire draft. There is no clew to the identity of the incendiaries.

WRECK ON THE MONON.

Passenger Train Runs Into an Open Switch —Several People Hurt.

HAMMOND, Ind., May 14.—Passenger train No. 5 on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad, composed of baggage car, smoker, day car, two parlor cars and a sleeper, ran into an open switch at Stratmore, two miles south of here. The engine and first three cars were derailed. The smoker telescoped the baggage car. The messengers were pinioned under the debris for nearly two hours. Engineer David Poole was found in a hole four feet deep under heavy timbers with a broken leg. Messenger Bustee and a passenger named Robinson from Chicago were seriously injured. Trainmen say it was a miraculously escape from a holocaust as there were nearly thirty passengers in the smoker and day car. The injured were brought to Hammond.

Tank of Benzine Explodes.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 14—Several hundred people had a narrow escape from a terrible death here. In the course of a fire in the barrel house at the Emery Manufacturing company's refinery a tank of benzine on a siding near by exploded. A panic ensued among the spectators who were watching the fire and they fled in all directions. Thirty or more persons were severely burned and many were severely trampled upon during the rush.

Run Down by a Train.

MANSFIELD, O., May 14.—County Commissioner Charles L. Gibbons took Lizzie McQuillen in a buggy to her home in Lucas, six miles east of this city. On his return trip to Mansfield at 2:30 o'clock the buggy was struck by the west-bound limited No. 5. Gibbons and the horse were instantly killed. He was a widower 42 years old and leaves a daughter 12 years old. Mr. Gibbons was to have been married soon to Miss McQuillen.

Explosion and Fire at Akron, O.

AKRON, May 14.—The works of the Akron Varnish company burned to the ground and the plant of the Akron Chemical company adjoining was badly scorched. The fire followed an explosion at the varnish works. One man was taken out of the building severely injured, and it is reported that two others are missing and have probably been burned to death.

Little Girl Killed by a Dog.

HARRODSBURG, Ky., May 14.—The 12-year-old daughter of John Brand, living in Washington county, met a horrible death. She had gone to Joel Chamlin's, a neighbors, on an errand. As she entered the gate the dog grabbed her by the throat, tearing it open and otherwise lacerating her body.

TABERNACLE DESTROYED.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Suffers Another Loss by the Flames.

NEW YORK, May 14.—Talmage's great Brooklyn tabernacle is gone. It was swept away, as the two preceding tabernacles had been swept away, by a fire of mysterious origin—a fire so stirring and sensational in the time of its starting, in the lightning-like rapidity of its spread, in the narrowness of escapes of human life, in the inefficiency of the Brooklyn fire department, and in the destruction which it spread through a fine residential quarter for blocks around, that its parallel has never been known. The total loss will be close to $2,000,000.

When firemen, police and ambulances finally reached the scene they found the streets choked with people. The wildest excitement prevailed. The flames had burst through the Tabernacle roof and the Hotel Regent adjoining was then burning. Flames had reached up so high on the south wall that they had set fire to the cornice of the hotel. They ate in through the windows in the central part of the hotel, and all the rooms there were filled with fire. The hotel burned like a tinder box, although it is one of the modern "fireproof" structures. Its burning was accompanied by the most thrilling scenes and escapes.

Died in the Electrical Chair.

AUBURN, N. Y., May 14.—Lucius P. Wilson died in the electrocution chair at the penitentiary in this city for the murder of Detective Harvey in Syracuse, July 31, 1893. At his own request he was photographed in his cell. All through the morning he preserved an unruffled demeanor. He refused to see a clergyman. To his attorney he gave a statement, the contents of which the attorney will not make public just now.

Farmers' National Congress.

CHICAGO, May 14.—Officers of the Farmers' National congress are in session here, President B. F. Clayton of Iowa presiding. The object of the meeting is the preparation of a programme for the fourteenth annual convention of the organization in Parkersburg, W. Va., next November.

Indorsed for State Treasurer.

CHICAGO, May 14—Henry Wulff was indorsed as a candidate for state treasurer by the Cook county Republican delegate convention and a resolution was passed protesting against the nomination of a United States senator by the state convention.

Senator from Louisiana.

BATON ROUGE, May 14.—The general assembly elected Senator Don Caffrey for the long term United States senator, beginning March 5, 1895.

COXEYITES ARRESTED.

"General" Scheffler and 200 Men Captured by Marshals.

GRANGER, Wyo., May 14.—"General" Scheffler was captured at Green River, at midnight by Marshal Rankin. Scheffler had reached Green River on the passenger train from the west and spent the afternoon soliciting supplies for the army. He disclaimed all connection with the army and exhibited a Union Pacific ticket from Portland to Kansas City and said he would sue the United States for infringing on his rights as an American citizen in placing him under arrest.

Marshal Rankin took him to Cheyenne. The special train proceeded to Cokeville, where 200 industrials were camped in boxcars. Every one of them was placed under arrest.

Coxeyites Arrested at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 14.—Michael D. Fitzgerald, leader of the New England branch of Coxeyites is languishing in the county jail, together with Lani Kalan Graff and Joseph Wembloth, of this city, where they were sent in default of $800 bail by Magistrate Kane. The men were arrested while holding a meeting at 518 South Third street. The charge against them was "holding anarchist meetings."

The Leader Stole the Funds.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Ills., May 14.—Company F of Morrison's division of the Coxey army has been disbanded, Harris, their leader, having deserted them, taking all their funds with him.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

Streets and Sidewalks Torn Up and Buildings Undermined.

STILLWATER, Minn., May 10.—The heaviest storm of rain and hail set in that was ever known in this vicinity, continuing for nearly an hour. The water poured down all the streets leading to the lake in regular rivers. The sidewalks and street pavings were torn up and cellars filled with water and debris. A building on Third street, next the gas works, used as a notion store, was undermined and went toppling down the hill side a distance of fifty feet. The building was smashed and the goods were buried in the sand. At the same time 190 feet of the Third street fill, fifty feet deep, went down into the ravine, carrying sidewalk, two-thirds of the street and the street car track. The total damage to the city is not less than $20,000.

A small shoe shop on Myrtle street was undermined, fell into the street and floated down in the current. A man named Lilligren, who happened to be in the building, was carried down the street. His cries for help attracted a crowd, but no assistance could at first be extended to him. After going two blocks the structure went to pieces, releasing the man who was finally rescued after he was fatally hurt.

CYCLONE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

A Little Babe Killed and Two Other Persons Injured.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 11.—The first cyclone this season visited Indianapolis, creating havoc in the manufacturing district and causing great ruin to the beauty of the principal residence streets. Killed: —— Huntsman, infant child of S. J. Huntsman; crushed to death in the cradle. Seriously injured: Miss Letta Janes, hurt in Archdeacon's pickling establishment; Mrs. Frank Miller, hurt in Archdeacon's pickling establishment.

The fury of the storm was over in ten minutes. In that time the mercury fell 24 degrees and one-half inch of rain fell. On South Meridian street John Wagner's store and saloon was blown down, killing a baby. The roof of the Riley block at California and Washington streets, was taken off and dropped through Archdeacon's pickling establishment, a block distant. The timbers crushed Miss Letta Janes and Mrs. Frank Miller, but did not fatally injure them. Part of the Nordyke & Marmon milling works in West Indianapolis was wrecked and Maus' brewery suffered $2,000 damages. The Aeme Milling company's roof was rolled up and carried several blocks.

HIS LAST HOPE GONE.

The Supreme Court Renders a Decision Against John Y. McKane.

NEW YORK, May 14.—The appeal of John Y. McKane to the United States supreme court was decided against McKane, Justice Harlan delivering the opinion. McKane in his appeal contended that he should have been allowed to go out on bail pending the appeal, as the constitution meant to confer that right in all but capital cases. The justice held that the matter of bail in such a case was entirely within the jurisdiction of the state court. Also, that the warden of Sing Sing prison had no right to return McKane to the sheriff of New York pending the appeal, as the appeal had no effect upon his imprisonment in Sing Sing prison.

WHOLE FAMILY MURDERED.

The Perpetrators Under Arrest and a Lynching Is Expected.

ST. LOUIS, May 11.—A special to The Post Dispatch from Browning says: Gus Meeks, his wife and four children were found murdered under a strawstack in an open field here. The murderers are under arrest here and a lynching will probably occur soon. Meeks and his family lived at Milan and were coming here to visit relatives. They were waylaid. The cause of the crime is said to lie in the fact that Meeks was a damaging witness in a big cattle case last September.

Customs Frauds in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 10.—Information has been received from Washington that Assistant Secretary Hamlin is coming here from the treasury department to personally investigate charges of wholesale fraud in the San Francisco custom house. Rumors of frauds in the landing of Chinese contrabands and a suspicious decrease in the port's opium revenue are heard. A special agent of the treasury now here is said to have made the report that brings Assistant Secretary Hamlin to San Francisco.

All Quiet at Staunton.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 10.—Adjutant General Orendorff at 9 o'clock received the following telegram from Colonel Hugh E. Bayle, from Staunton: "Men are at work in both mines. Everything peaceable." At 10:15 General Orendorff received the following from Colonel Bayle: "Strikers all gone home. Everything is quiet."

Breckinridge Expelled.

CHICAGO, May 14.—The board of managers of the Union League club met and voted to expel Congressman W. C. P. Breckinride from the roll of honorary members of the club.

ON A FALSE TRAIL.

The Men Who Are Hunting the Meeks Butchers.

LOCATED IN THEIR FATHER'S HOUSE

Thirty Miles From Where the Sheriffs Are Looking for Them—Other Posses Organized to Surround the Hiding Place—The Fugitives Armed With Rifles and Bloody Work Expected Before They Are Captured—Young Girl Assaulted.

BROOKFIELD, Mo., May 15.—Word is received here from Browning saying that four men tracked William and George Taylor, the murderers of the Meeks family, several miles to the house of Jim Taylor, their father, three and a half miles southeast of Browning. Jim Taylor refused them entrance to the house and warned them not to come around the house at night. This word was brought to Browning by Perry McCollum, a reputable farmer. McCollum measured the tracks and they corresponded exactly to the Taylors' feet.

Going to Surround the House.

Sheriff Barton, of Lynn county, and Sheriff White, of Macon county, with large posses, have evidently been misled and are all searching the Chariton hills in the southwest corner of Adair county, which is fully thirty miles from Jim Taylor's farm. Most of the available men from here and the surrounding towns are already out, but a small party will leave Laclede in a short time to meet a party from Browning, and they expect to meet near Jim Taylor's and have the house surrounded.

The Fugitives Well Armed.

Bill Taylor's wife returned to Browning from Jim Taylor's and was accompanied by a younger brother of the Taylor brothers. After getting a few things from Bill Taylor's house he started to return home, but was arrested and locked up. It seems impossible for the murderers to escape. The Taylors are armed with rifles and revolvers and will not be captured alive. A fight is expected and some one will doubtless be killed.

Hogan Gets Six Months in Jail.

HELENA, Mont., May 15.—Judge Knowles, in the United States district court, has disposed of the cases of the 350 Coxeyites who stole a Northern Pacific on the morning of April 24. Hogan, the "general," was sentenced to six months in the county jail. The engineer and fireman who ran the train and the forty captains and lieutenants were given sixty days each in the same jail. The others will be brought into court in squads of forty and on pledging their word not to engage in any more such proceedings the judge will turn them loose.

Teller Writes a Hopeless Letter.

PUEBLO, Colo., May 15.—Senator Teller, in a letter to a citizen of this city, expresses sympathy for the Coxey army now in Washington, declares the arrest and trial of Coxey, Browne and Jones was a farce, and says that though he believes legislation accomplished at Washington and now on the road to accomplishment are responsible for the trouble of the working people, he can see no hope of immediate relief.

Proceedings of the Engineers.

ST. PAUL, May 15.—The engineers opened the day in committee of the whole considering the Lehigh strike. There had been much dissatisfaction in connection with that strike and some charges of doings not in keeping with the dignity of the brotherhood. So far nothing has been brought out in the testimony to warrant such a charge.

The Republican Senate Caucus.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—The tariff caucus of Republican senators decided nothing. The element in favor of fighting the bill and that in favor of letting it go through with only a formal opposition did not agree, and no vote on any proposition was taken. The caucus appeared about evenly divided.

Coxey Will Be Eclipsed.

DENVER, May 15.—"General" Hegwer, commander-in-chief of the Coxey reserve army, announces that 25,000 men are ready to move on to Washington from Colorado in one body, and when the other states west of the Mississippi are heard from the day for starting will be set.

A Demand on Nicaragua.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The Herald's Washington special says that the administration has made a demand on Nicaragua that the murderers of Wilson, an American citizen, in that country a few months ago, must be brought to speedy justice.

Decision as to Freight Rates.

CHICAGO, May 15.—The presidents of all the lines of the Western Freight association met here and decided that on May 26 all freight rates west of Chicago, both east and west bound, shall be returned to the schedule in effect May 1.

The gold production in Montana during the past three months has been double that of last year.

George Marrable has retired on account of ill-health as paymaster of the household to Queen Victoria. The place is worth $5,000 a year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Edgecombe, who sued the estate of Millionaire Eckford Webb at Brooklyn for $18,000 for services as housekeeper for Mrs. Webb from 1880 to 1889 has been awarded a verdict for $8,330.

The body of Lars Larsen, a civil engineer, who has been missing since April 27 at Menominee, Mich., has been found in the bay. He had several times threatened to commit suicide, and there is no doubt he drowned himself.

Edward Cahill, coal dealer, shot James Flood, hostler, twice in Boston and then shot himself to death. Flood is expected to recover.

The Republicans of Freeport, Ills., have instructed their delegates for General Smith D. Atkins for state treasurer, Robert R. Hitt for congressman and Daniel S. Berry and John C. McKenzie for representatives.

What She Feared.

Fannie—I am dreadfully nervous! Mr. Charlie Bondclipper is going to call on papa this afternoon to ask for my hand.

Jennie—Are you afraid your father will refuse?

Fannie—No. Father is all right.

Jennie—Then what are you nervous about?

Fannie—I'm afraid Charlie will not show up.—London Tit-Bits.

ILLINOIS GERRYMANDER CASE.

The Defense Asks Permission to File an Amended Answer to the Bill.

DANVILLE, May 14.—The gerrymander case was called by Judge Bookwalter. The Hon. E. R. Kimbrough of counsel for defense asked the court's permission to file an amended answer to the bill. General Hunt objected, arguing that the issues had already been closed. Kimbrough contended that the amended answer raised some new questions, one of which was that of jurisdiction. The entire pleading, bill, answer and amended answer were then read to the court.

The question of the admission of the amended answer was argued pro and con at length by General Hunt and Attorney General Maloney, Hon. W. J. Calhoun and E. R. Kimbrough. The court took the matter of the admission of the amended answer under advisement, stating that he would hear the argument first and determine the propriety of the admission hereafter.

Counsel for defense then presented the petition of William M. Bines, Democratic candidate for the legislature from this county, asking to be made a party to the case. The petition contends that the act of 1893 is constitutional, but that the acts of 1882 and 1892 are not constitutional and asks the court to take up the questions of the constitutionality of these apportionments. Counsel for the defense frankly said that the purpose of this petition was to discover whether there ever had been a valid apportionment law under which elections could be held. Argument on the introduction of this inter-pleader was made at length, Douglass P. Phillips participating.

Judge Bookwalter took up the petition of William M. Bines to become a party to the suit after recess and ruled that the petition should be denied. He said he knew of no rule in chancery broad enough to permit an outsider to inject himself into a suit of this kind. The overruling of this petition brings the case square upon the validity of the law of 1893 and the argument is now proceeding on the merits of the case.

RESULT OF THE COAL STRIKE.

Many Trains Discontinued on the New York Central Road.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 14.—Twelve trains were taken off this division of the New York Central railroad and more will be dropped because of lack of soft coal. In the East Albany roundhouse are now stored all the engines of the trains taken off. All switch engines in the East and West Albany yards have begun burning wood for fuel. In East Albany, where all passenger engines that run between Albany and New York take their sppply, fifteen cars of coal are on hand, which is sufficient for only one or two days.

In St. Johnsville, where most of the coal is stored as it comes from the mines, there is less on hand at present than there has been in several years. Five shifting engines in service at the West Albany shifting yards and three service trains were taken off. Only five freight trains left West Albany bound west. Seven small fast freight trains left for New York. The track men have received orders to collect all ties and other wood lying along the line of the road for use of fuel.

SANDUSKY, O., May 14.—Forty six cars of coal, consigned by the Wheeler Coal company of this city to various points on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, were seized by the railroad company for use on the road.

WILL TRAVEL BY WAGON.

How Delegates Will Go to the Nebraska Populist Convention.

OMAHA, May 10.—A call was issued for a meeting of the Populist state central committee at Lincoln, May 18, to fix the date and place for holding the state convention. Chairman Deaver in his call says that it has been desired to call the convention at a time when the farmers could take a couple of weeks off, and the place selected will be in the central part of the state. It is proposed that the delegates boycott the railroads and go to the convention by wagons. Each county will be asked to transport its delegates in a body by horse route and each evening a stop will be made at some important point and a political protracted meeting held.

GREAT STRIKE AT PULLMAN.

Two Thousand of the 4,500 Employes Suddenly Quit Work.

CHICAGO, May 11.—Two thousand employes of the Pullman Palace Car company suddenly and unexpectedly struck for the restoration of the cut of 33⅓ per cent. in wages made some months ago. It is claimed the entire 4,500 men will be out before night. The company claims it has been running the works at a loss to give the men work. It was thought the matter was settled at a conference with the officers of the company a few days ago.

Federation of Women's Clubs.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.—One standard of morality for women and men was the principle demanded in a resolution introduced by Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson and seconded by Julia Ward Howe in the day's session of the Federation of Women's clubs. The resolution was adopted without dissent. The nominating committee reported the following names as officers of the federation for the ensuing term: President, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Chicago; vice president, Mrs. Mary E. Mumfort, Philadelphia; recording secretary, Mrs. C. E. Barnes, Kentucky; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Philip M. Moore, Missouri; treasurer, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, California; auditor, Mrs. Fannie Purdy Palmer, Rhode Island.

Congressman Brattan Dead.

BALTIMORE, May 10.—Congressman Brattan died at his home in Princess Anne.

The death of Representative Brattan had been expected for weeks; in fact he had been lingering between life and death ever since the session began. He was present at the extra session in apparently vigorous health. During the recess he was affected with heart disease and later Bright's disease developed.

Run Over by a Train.

LASALLE, Ills., May 10.—While stopping a runaway team at the Illinois Central depot Colonel M. Corcoran was run over by a passenger train and killed. He had been an alderman of the city for twenty years and was one of the best known Democrats in northern Illinois.

Nominated to Congress.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., May 10.—The Democratic congressional convention of the Sixteenth district nominated Finis Downing for congress to succeed John J. McDonald.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., May 14.—The ceremony of laying the cornerstone of a new public school building at the place was as is usually the case under this auspices of the Masonic fraternity and was conducted by Grand Master La Goddard, of Chicago, assisted by G. H. B. Tolle, deputy grand lecturer, of Mattoon, and C. Rohrbaugh, deputy district grand master, of Kinmundy, under escort of Godfrey de Bouillon commondery, No. 44, of Mattoon. Fully 5,000 persons were interested witnesses of the rites. A novel item in the list of the contents sealed up in the stone was a copy of one of nine petitions that were circulated during the week in this city by members of the Roman Catholic church protesting against the laying of the stone by the Masons.

GRAND ARMY OF ILLINOIS.

The Encampment at Rockford a Success —Leading Candidates.

ROCKFORD, May 15.—Four thousand visitors are in the city attending the G. A. R. encampment, making it by far the largest encampment ever held in the state. Commander-in-Chief Adams, Department Commander Blodgett and staff, ex-Governor Fifer, General W. H. McDowell, and Major R. E. Woods, the latter two candidates for commander, are among the prominent veterans present. The leading candidates for the offices are: Department commander—Robert M. Woods, of Joliet; H. H. McDowell, of Pontiac, and W. H. Powell, of Bellville. Senior vice commander—A. E. Wolcott, of Chicago, and R. A. Keeler, of Irving Park. Junior vice commander—J. B. Inman, of Springfield, and H. P. Barnum, of Waukegan. General John I. Rinaker, of Carlinville, may be sprung as a dark horse for commander. The boom of Colonel T. W. Lawler for commander-in-chief is receiving a big send off.

Corn on Hand in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 10.—The Illinois state department of agriculture has tabulated reports from the various counties of the state, showing the amount of old corn on hand up to May 1, 1894. The report shows that there were in the hands of the producers of Illinois 41,000,000 bushels, as compared with the 45,000,000 bushels on the same date in 1893. The season has been very favorable for planting, and there is a much larger acreage sown now than usual at this time of the year.

Damage to Wheat Over-Estimated.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 10.—The first official reports received at the office of the state department of agriculture since the severe freeze of March 25 show the damage done to wheat at that time was greatly over-estimated. On low lands, where the stalk had jointed considerable damage was done, but as only a small proportion of the area had reached that stage, the real injury was slight.

Bicyclist Killed by a Train.

WHEATON, Ills., May 11.—Charles E. Whittle met a shocking death. He was riding his bicycle from Chicago on the Northwestern tracks and was overtaken by the Omaha express between Elmhurst and Lombard. He was drawn beneath the wheels, where his life was ground out. Deceased was a nephew of J. F. Whittle, route agent of the American Express company, and leaves a wife and two children.

Two Prisoners Break Jail.

MCLEANSBORO, Ill., May 14.—Two prisoners in the Hamilton county jail charged with larceny made their escape by sawing off two bars in the door leading to the outer hallway. The outside door being wood, it was an easy matter to force it open and escape. Their names were Wilson and Oliver.

Cut the Two Railways Apart.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 12.—In the United States circuit court Judge Allen entered an order that the Jacksonville, Louisville and St. Louis railway be severed from the Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis railway—Jacksonville Southeastern—at midnight May 16.

Want the Monument Free to Visitors.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 10.—At the session of the Illinois State Dental societies resolutions were introduced urging the state legislature to accept and take charge of the National Lincoln monument here and throw it open free to visitors.

Young Girl Takes Poison.

ANNA, Ills., May 14.—Daisy Vaughn, a 10-year-old girl, died at her home near Cobden from a dose of rat poison which she took because her mother would not let her plant corn for a neighboring farmer.

Smallpox in an Illinois Town.

SPRINGFIELD, May 14.—The state board of health has received a report from the health authorities at Havana, stating that an outbreak of smallpox had appeared there. The number of cases was not stated.

Jumped the Rope 600 Times.

CINCINNATI, May 14.—Mamie Shehan, aged 12, a pupil of the Windsor street public school, playing at recess, jumped a rope 600 times without stopping. Later she became unconscious and is at death's door.

Want Breckinridge to Speak.

FULTON, Ills., May 14.—An effort is being made to secure Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge to deliver the oration at the 4th of July celebration here. The sum of $500 has been appropriated for this purpose.

Boy Kills His Father.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 14.—Frank Blakemore accused his wife of kissing her brother-in-law and in his jealous rage swore he would kill her. Their 16-year-old son George interfered, when Blakemore seized a hatchet and started for the boy, who drew a revolver and fired two shots, both piercing his father's heart. He fell dead. The boy is in jail, but public sympathy generally is on his side.

New Railway Tunnel.

FAIRVIEW, N. J., May 14.—The new tunnel through the Palisades, built by the Susquehanna and Western railroad, costing $[illegible] is completed. The tunnel is two miles long. Work was begun on it about eighteen months ago. Twelve Italians were killed about six months ago by the falling of a part of the trestle.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

George Whalen, an old resident of Wapella, Ills., who served four years in the Union army, fell dead from paralysis of the heart.

Colorado coal miners are trying to induce the coal miners at Cerrillos, N. M., to quit work "until the general strike in the east is won."

Farmer Kurtz of Bayard, O., captured Everett L. Stone, a burglar, who tried to escape on a tricycle.

A man supposed to be John Winkler of Romeo, Wis., was killed by a passenger train on the Wisconsin Central.

Four of the saloons in Jerseyville, Ills., closed their doors last week. Stagnation of business and high license were given as the causes.

H. B. Stutt of Boston, agent of the Northern Masonic Aid association of Chicago, shot and seriously wounded himself at Buffalo.

A big forest fire is raging near Fond Du Lac, on the St. Louis river, Wis., and is making rapid progress before the strong wind which is blowing.

* * *

William Steinitz, the chess champion, is in New York under medical treatment for insomnia.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn of the Methodist Episcopal church in India has arrived in New York and will probably remain in the United States about six months.

Mrs. Grant told a San Francisco reporter that she had sold both her New York and Long Branch properties, and was vacillating between New York and Washington as a place of residence, with preference for the latter.

The Ulster Steamship company is about to commence direct steamship communication between Canada and Dublin. The first steamship in this trade will leave Montreal on June 15.

The Butler Manufacturing company assigned at Wabiloo, Ind. P. M. Jones is receiver. The capital stock is $20,000; liabilities and assets unknown.

Foraker will deliver the oration when Cleveland celebrates with monument unveiling the Fourth of July.

* * *

The treaty defining the limits of seal fishing in Russian waters has been ratified by the senate.

The miners of Coal Valley, near Princeton Ills., have decided not to join the strike,

Slavs near Uniontown, Pa., are angry because Superintendent Bradford of the Rainey works forced six Slav miners into a pit with rifles and kept them working against their will.

The landslides in the vicinity of St. Anne, Que., are continuing. Several more houses have been demolished, and the inhabitants are in a state of panic.

Treasurer Northam of Texas says he hopes to be able to meet the interest on the bonded debt due in July and January.

Richard Pierce, colored, was sentenced at Cape May, N. J., to be hanged June 29 for murdering his wife.

Ten thousand persons are reported killed by an earthquake in Venezuela. The cities of Merdia, Lagunillas, Chiquara and San Juan and many villages were destroyed.

* * *

In a quarrel at Bridgeport, Ills., Ira Smith was fatally stabbed by Samuel Belt, his brother-in-law. Belt has been arrested.

George Murphy, 85 years old, was killed by a Panhandle train at Wabash, Ind.

Edward Jones was drowned at Madison, Ind., by the upsetting of a boat.

Two new cases of smallpox were reported at Clinton, Ia. There are five other cases in the city.

The Loyal Legion of Indiana will hold its annual meeting at Anderson. General Lew Wallace will speak.

Ex-President Caceres has been re-elected president of Peru.

Mrs. Robert Gordon Hardy, Senator Cullom's daughter, is dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

The Salt Lake commonwealers, numbering 800, are marching peaceably along the line of the Rio Grande Western railroad and have not yet attempted to seize a train.

Martin Borras, the anarchist charged with the attempted murder of General Campos, was found dead in his cell at Barcelona.

* * *

John W. Hancock, a horse dealer of Kokomis, Ills., was killed by runaway horses at Owensboro, Ky.

Two of a band of Coxeyites that stole a train at Ellensburg, Wash., were shot by deputies and are now in hospital. The others of the band, 120 in number, are in jail.

Dr. W. B. Clark of Indianapolis owns a plaster bas-relief of the head and neck of Abraham Lincoln which was taken from a cast taken while the martyr president lay in state in the Indiana statehouse.

Fire at Kendallville, Ind., damaged J. Keller & Sons' clothing store $25,000 and the dry goods stock of John Orstadt & Sons $3,500.

The independent cotton seed oil men of Texas have organized the Cotton Seed Oil Crushers' Association to fight the trust.

The Coxeyites who left Portland, Ore., 600 strong now number only forty and they are scattered.

While suffering from the delirium tremens J. M. Payne, a merchant of Chulafins, Ala., jumped from a hotel window at Montgomery, Ala., and was killed.

The Rube Burrows gang committed a robbery at Water Valley, Miss., and is being hunted by bloodhounds.

Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was in a discouraging condition, my health and strength almost gone. I had that tired feeling frequently, and had rheumatism so severely that I had to walk with a cane. I felt tired of life and was a burden to others. Nervous spells and dizziness added to my sufferings and greatly reduced my strength. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon was so much better that I kept on until I felt like a different person. I owe my present good health to Hood's



Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla and cordially recommend it as a good all-round medicine." MRS. MARY C. CRYDERMAN, La Fontaine, Kansas.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MAY 19, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Der Corner Grocery."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Beggar Student."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Duff Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"The White Squadron."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Coon Hollow."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—Ada Gray.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE THOMAS MOORE ANNIVERSARY.

The coming to this city of the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Michigan, to deliver the oration at the Thomas Moore anniversary celebration, to be held in Central Music Hall on Monday evening, May 28, has aroused enthusiasm among the Irish-American element of our population. Dr. O'Reilly, as will be remembered, was treasurer of the Irish National League of America during the whole brilliant period of its existence, when it supplied most of the sinews of war to the late immortal patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell, whose premature death—hastened by the harshness with which he was treated by some of those whom he did most to serve—was the sorest blow sustained by Ireland since the passage of the Act of Union. Dr. O'Reilly is an orator of the first class, and is an enthusiast on the subject of Moore and his kindred poets. The chair will be occupied on the occasion by the Rev. Father P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese, who will introduce the reverend lecturer of the evening.

The musical portion of the celebration is in the hands of artists whose reputations are recognized among the leading singers of this country. Mr. Charles H. Brittan, the tenor, is one of our greatest musical lights. He is a thorough musician, having had a European education under the best masters. His voice is a robust tenor of exceptional range and sweetness, and has a considerable resemblance to that of the famous Sims Reeves. Like that great artist, Mr. Brittan has devoted a considerable portion of his study to ballad work, and is one of the best exponents of the ballad school in this country. His rendition of the "Minstrel Boy" and "Silent O Moyle" will be a delightful treat and will demonstrate what a thoroughly trained artist can do with the Irish melodies. Mr. Brittan has a national reputation as a teacher; Miss Loie Fuller and many other stage celebrities being among his pupils.

Miss M. Blanche Foulke has been selected as the soprano of the festival, and the lighter ballads could not have been placed in better hands. Gifted with a dramatic soprano voice of beautiful quality, she has made the most of nature's gift by training it to the highest degree of perfection. Her enunciation is perfectly distinct, and her sympathetic rendition of even the simplest song, lends it a charm distinctly her own. Miss Foulke is Irish on her mother's side, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Irish songs. "The Last Rose of Summer" and "When Love is Kind" are the songs selected by her. It might be of interest to add that she is a pupil of Mr. Brittan's in singing; and in addition to this has had several years schooling in Germany as a pianist.

Our friend Mr. M. J. Murphy is too well known to need any formal introduction to our readers. His magnificent voice has been heard here before, and his rendition of several numbers at the Moore celebration last year stamped him as among the best, if not the very best exponent of Irish song now before the public. This year he will vary the programme by rendering a stirring battle hymn in the ancient tongue of the Gael.

The tickets for the entertainment have been placed at popular prices, as will be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column. Those who purchase in advance can have their tickets exchanged for reserved seats. The sale of reserved seats, as well as the transfer of purchased tickets—all at the same price—will take place at the box-office of Central Music Hall on and after Thursday, May 24. A very large house is anticipated.

CURBING SHOP TYRANNY.

It is but a little time since an organization of women in this city did a good deal toward reforming the shop tyranny which compelled male and female employes to stand on their feet at business all day, whether occasion called for it or not. Now the women of Dublin, Ireland, are following up the movement in a practical manner. The following excerpt from an editorial in the *Daily Independent* of May 4, will be interesting to our readers:

"A truly philanthropic work has been started in Dublin of late. Its purpose is not ambitious, but its success would confer incalculable benefits upon a helpless and defenseless class of toilers. It is non-sectarian and non-political. Among its supporters are the two archbishops, the Duchess of Abercorn, the Duchess of Leinster, the lord mayor and lady mayoress, Lord and Lady Iveagh, Lady Fitzgerald, the Hon. Mrs. Henniker, and upwards of thirteen hundred ladies of high position in society. The object of this movement is nothing more than to secure a little rest and comfort for female assistants in shops. We hold it to be little less than a crime to compel young girls to stand all day behind a counter, giving them no opportunity of easing the strain thus imposed upon aching limbs and a weary frame. The close imprisonment in a shop for long hours would tell upon the constitution of the most robust country-bred girl. When the trial is made still more severe by the inhuman and unnatural regulation which obliges young females—most of whom whave been tenderly reared—to *stand* behind the counter even when they have no customers to serve, the intervention of public opinion becomes necessary. The law protects dumb animals from cruelty; there is no law to save the shop-girl from the sufferings which a thoughtless or callous-hearted employer can inflict."

THE CRUEL ROSEBERRY GOVERNMENT.

THE CITIZEN sees no good reason for the calamity howl raised by the anti-Parnellite press about the action of the Redmondites in abstaining from voting for the Rosebery government. On the contrary, we consider their action highly commendable. If any reader of THE CITIZEN can justify the Rosebery regime after reading Father McDonald's terrible letter in reference to eviction and starvation on the Arran Islands, he must be a person of extraordinary mental make up. The days of Cromwell in Ireland could hardly have exceeded in brutality the Arran episode. Nor is this an exceptional case. From all over Ireland comes complaint on complaint of heartless tyranny on the part of the landlords and still more heartless indifference on the part of Lord Rosebery's government.

In addition, no appeal can move the stony hearts of the Whigs to grant amnesty to the unfortunate political prisoners, still brutally confined in the English penitentiaries. The heart of John Bull has not changed since the days in which he goaded the greatest man of ancient or modern times to death on the barren island of St. Helena. The English in their governmental relations are the most inexorable family of the entire human race. They are not so ready with the fusillade, the axe or the knife as some other nations, whose blood is hotter, but for the process of slow torture in their impenetrable dungeons they have no equals in the world, except, perhaps, the Russians in Poland. In this respect, the English Whig in no degree differs from the English Tory. Both parties want to kill the men who dare to *do*, or who are alleged to dare *do*, anything. As regards the Irish political prisoners, the evidence against them is chiefly that of professional detectives, who were in league with English lodging house keepers. What is more improbable than that intelligent men, as most of the prisoners are, would have on their persons, or in their trunks, left at hotels and lodging places, deadly explosives? It is an old trick of British detectives to place such material in the apparent possession of their victims. As for swearing, the average British detective can swear a hole through the thickest kind of a blanket any day in the year. It is a part of their business, particularly where "suspect" Irish revolutionists are concerned.

The helpless Irish prisoner in a British jail is the object of England's dastardly spite, as displayed through her low scum of officials. Who can read Michael Davitt's story of his treatment in those British hells without a blush? What indecency! What obscenity! They tied O'Donovan Rossa's hands behind his back and compelled him to lap his food like an animal. Is it any wonder that he hates them with a hatred which the indignities heaped upon his manhood justifies? It is all very well for people who have not suffered to sit in judgment on Rossa, but let them put themselves in his place. If it were not for the tameness engendered by centuries of oppression and suppression all Irishmen would feel like Rossa, because they are scourged morally as he was physically.

The older English rule in Ireland grows the more detestable it becomes. The war of extermination inaugurated by Fitz Stephen and Strongbow still proceeds. By sword or crowbar, what matters it, so long as England has her own way—the way of absolute conquest—in Ireland? It would give THE CITIZEN great pleasure to read of some fresh evidences of active life in Ireland. The sinking of a boat load of sheriffs, soldiers and peelers en route to Arran Islands for purposes of eviction would be a crowning mercy just now. The very patience of the poor, spiritless people stirs, as in Cromwell's time, the bitter hearts of their relentless enemies to mirth. Surely Don Juan D'Aquila was not too uncharitable when he exclaimed at Kinsale, "Christ never died for this people!" Nearly three hundred years have passed since then, and still the English curse remains. The glory of Dunboy is obscured by the shame of Arran. And yet Irishmen find fault with other Irishmen because they will not vote for the government which starves their kindred and dishonors their country!

ROSSA'S HISTORICAL DEDUCTIONS.

O'Donovan Rossa, in his *United Irishman* of May 5, says most truly:

"We have historical authority, as well as Irish instinct, for saying in reply to John Morley's assertion as to his being as good an Irishman as could be made out of an Englishman, that if he and his children made Ireland their home, those who lived of them in Ireland a century hence, would, under English government, be subject to the same English rapacity as have been the other English settlers of the centuries gone by.

To the ruthless invaders, the creed mattered nought,
They made heaven subserve every conquest they sought,
And the Catholics sent to collect "Peter's pence"
Just hit as hard as the "Puritan saints."

"'Tis not religion Englishmen want in Ireland; 'tis plunder. And they will keep on plundering, 'till we make them feel they lose more than they gain by holding Ireland. This we are able to do—but not by putting our resources into parliamentary agitation."

And, in the same article, he further says:

"If you read English and Irish history carefully, you will see that the mission of Englishmen to Ireland was always a mission of plunder. The Englishmen who went there, and settled down there in the thirteenth century, were plundered by the Englishmen of the fourteenth century—the Englishmen of the fourteenth century by the Englishmen of the fifteenth—the Englishmen of the fifteenth by the Englishmen of the sixteenth—the Englishmen of the sixteenth by the Englishmen of the seventeenth—the Englishmen of the seventeenth by the Englishmen of the eighteenth, and the Englishmen of the eighteenth by those of the nineteenth. In the sixteenth century, the difference in religion came in, and gave the English an excuse for plundering the Irish on the pretense that it was for the good of their souls they were doing it."

True as the Gospel, untamed Rossa! The English who settled in the American "Original Thirteen" colonies before the Revolution attempted to live at peace with their English born "cousins" in 1775, but the latter wouldn't have it. The English born rulers tried to rob their dear "Saxon" and Protestant relatives, but the latter, assisted by the Catholic French, the Catholic and Presbyterian Irish and the Catholic Poles, arose in their might and thumped them to pieces at Concord, at Saratoga and at Yorktown. Therefore, we are free from the English of the nineteenth century.

A CONVENTION OF IRISH TRADES UNIONS IN DUBLIN.

Last Friday week the convention of the Trades Unions of all Ireland, representing the four provinces, was held in the Rotunda, Dublin, under the presidency of the mayor. Mr. Thomas O'Connell of Dublin was unanimously elected president of the Union for the forthcoming year. In his opening address of thanks, he regretted that no Irish parliamentary representative had been elected on purely labor lines. A resolution was adopted protesting against the system of early closing hours of labor, on the plea that such a system would cut down the wages of the tradespeople, and laborers who work by the hour.

Mr. Dennehy, a representative of Cork city, in supporting this resolution, drew the attention of the convention to the deplorable fact that the Tory daily, the *Constitution*, published in the southern metropolis, was produced by "rats" and "blacklegs." Still this sheet is supported by the present Liberal government of Ireland, who give it its official advertisements. He considerbd that influence should be brought to bear on the two wings of the Irish Parliamentary party to induce Rosebery to refuse any further patronage to this scurrilous Tory journal. Resolutions were also passed deprecating the growing tendency to employ soldiers to do tradesmen's work, and suggesting that the Guinesses should purchase Irish-made bottles for their porter, for the encouragement of the Irish bottling trade, instead of importing English bottles.

The generosity with which the great commercial firm of Shuman, of Boston, is treating drummers for Mahony's Blarney tweed establishment, is making that concern very prosperous. The linen trade is also booming, while the Donegal industries are selling in tens of thousands in this country. On the whole the industrial outlook of Ireland is fairly promising.

SUGGESTION FOR AN IRISH-AMERICAN EISTEDFODD.

Wales' eistedfodds are attended by the leaders of public opinion in that country as well as by churchmen of all creeds. Welsh bards read original poems in their native vernacular. Welsh historians unlock some interesting secrets of the past from the ancient MS archives of Wales, and choirs of singers treat the tens of thousands of the audience to vocal and instrumental music, soft, sweet, tender and mellifluous as the national tongue of the Welsh people.

Away off in the sunny south of France, in the fair garden-land of Provence, the society of Provencal poets are preparing for the "Felibrige," the feast of flowers and of song. The fetes this year will take place at Toulouse. They were originally established by the troubadours in the middle of the fourteenth century, and are usually held on the first week in every September. They were only twice interrupted throughout these five and a half centuries, once during the Reign of Terror in 1793, and once more during the disasters that befel France in her struggle with Germany in the fall of 1870. The games are open to competitions in the dulcet Provencal tongue, in poetry and prose, and the prizes are golden flowers for the first original compositions, and silver flowers for the second. The first prize of all, however, is a red rose, plucked from a parterre, by a beautiful rustic maiden, who places it in the buttonhole of the victor, and raises her virgin lips to be kissed by that fortunate swain, who, in all cases, must be a young bachelor. Marriages between the poet and the buxom country girl are not infrequently caused by such an osculation.

The members of the "Felibrige" also celebrate their own annual fete day, that of their patron saint, Ste. Estelle. This year, it will take place in Avignon, the former city of the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic church, gifted with a mild and balmy climate in winter as well as in summer. It will be distinguished next August by the dedication of a superb monument to Roumaniles, the founder of the modern Provencal literary movement, and to Aubenel, who have both recently died. The bards are represented, as touching with their tapering fingers the cords of the harp, while laurel leaves are wreathed around their brows.

Why do not the Irish-Americans of Chicago start such another ceremonial, copying it from the Welsh eistedfodd, and the Provencal "Felibrige"? The first commemoration of such a festival should be held in honor of the recent movements started by the Irish Literary Society for the revival of Irish literature, and by the Gaelic League of Dublin for the resurrection of the Irish language.
D.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, the famous poet scout, will have a testimonial benefit at Central Music Hall Saturday evening, May 26. An excellent programme is offered to the public. THE CITIZEN hopes the entertainment will be a magnificent success, financially as well as artistically.

THE recent Republican county convention held in this city to nominate delegates to the state convention, indorsed the Hon. Henry Wulff, incumbent of the county clerk's office, for state treasurer, by an unanimous vote. Mr. Wulff, who is a hard and able worker, is reasonably certain of the state nomination.

THE Irish members of parliament are resolved to request the British government to give a small sum of money to the unfortunate Arran Islanders in order that they might be able to obtain seed potatoes for the coming season, as they are suffering much from the failure of last year's crop. The petty sum of £200 or $1,000, is all that is to be demanded for that object. It is the old story over again of Lazarus devouring the crumbs that fall from the table of Dives.

ANOTHER English lord a bankrupt! The earl of Buchan was made a bankrupt on the petition of Samuel Jay, a Hebrew money-lender in London. The earl's liabilities amount only to the sum of £388. The reason of his present poverty was that he had to pay £20,000 to an injured brother peer, with whose frail spouse Buchan had a criminal *liaison*. The glorious English nobility stink more and more in the nostrils of honest men. These ruffians should be pilloried and expelled from the shores of England to some penal colony for their lustful conduct.
D.

THERE are 177,855 miles of railroad in the United States. 533,565,000 ties are used to bind these rails together. No such number is required, however, to bind the hearts of a traveling public to the Monon Route. All acknowledge that it is the best line between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago.

SOME KILLING NEEDED

On the Irish Isles of Arran, Where the Uniformed Dogs Who Serve the English Government Inflict Hellish Cruelties On Invalids and Little Children.

The Irish Who Stand Such Doings Ought to Be Scourged For Not Making Corpses of Their Persecutors.

[*To the Editor.*]

FATHER M'DONALD'S PATHETIC APPEAL.

The appalling condition of the homeless and starving on the Arran Isles compels me to appeal to the charity of your readers for assistance. The good and kind public has often relieved Arran in the past, and a sense of gratitude for the kindness received would keep us from appealing to the same source again, but the government of the day has callously denied us anything and the pale-faced people are fainting with hunger. They are in distress through no fault of their own. The beautiful summer that produced such abundant crops in the country parched up and scorched the light sandy soil that scarcely covers the limestone bed in Arran. As a natural consequence the seed decayed in the ground and no crops grew. The potato was an almost complete failure—either not worth the labor of digging or did not come above the ground at all. Here is an instance that is typical of last year's crop on these islands. In the middle island a man named Patrick McDonough (in whose house I sleep when I go there) has a garden in which he sowed seven stone of potatoes. When he dug out the crop last October the whole produce was less than nine stone. When a pot of these was ready to go on the fire to be boiled, I myself put my hands into it, and such was the size of the potatoes that I took up forty-three between my hands! Yet in response to our repeated appeals for seed potatoes this spring, in order to prevent another famine next year, Mr. Morley, from whom we thought we might expect consideration, coldly replied that her majesty's government had no funds for such purposes, and that an inspector from the local government board reported the distress was not general in Arran.

Now I make the following statement, and I challenge any board or government official to contradict it, that the average crops on the middle and south islands were no better than the crop in Patrick McDonough's garden, and that on the north island, up till the first of the present month, the ridges where potatoes were sown remained untouched because nothing grew in them. Yet on the 3rd of April a steamer came here carrying a large force of police, the agent, the sheriff and those low, cruel creatures called emergencymen, to evict the starving islanders because they could not pay rent for the land by which they lost their scanty seed and many a hard day's toil. It was not enough that the creatures should have worked at the land from morning till night, that they should have curtailed their children's meals in order to spare the seed; that their labor and their seed should be fruitless and their children starving, it was necessary that they should get rent for the landlord or go out from their homes where their fathers and their grandfathers lived before them. The hungry poor had no rent to give. The cruel alternative was resorted to. And as I write, 130 of the destitute poor of the Arran Isles have no roof they can call their own save the canopy of heaven.

I followed the evictors as they went along from house to house. The scenes I saw I cannot describe, though they are graven on my heart and always before my mind. I saw the scanty furniture torn asunder; I saw the pot of nettles lifted off the fire and left out on the stones; I saw the squalid bed-clothes trodden under foot; I saw the heartless evictors laugh at the rags of poverty; I saw the widow and seven orphans wailing for their home; I saw the aged couple, bent with the toils and hardships of eighty-four winters, assisted out the door; I saw the mother refused the use of the pigsty as a shelter for her children; I saw the old man, who is fourteen years an invalid, laid on his wisp out in the open air; I saw the boy, who is stone blind, cast out on the trackless hillside; and I saw the infant I baptized last January out in its cradle on the rocks. The sight was pitiful to behold; the mother and six little children sobbing around the cradle, while the infant smiled towards heaven. Such is the sad condition of things in these distant islands.

The crisis has not come suddenly. It is not the growth of a week, or a month, or two months. The late parish priest, early in February, called the attention of Mr. Morley and his local government board to the distress then existing and every day increasing among his people. Numerous letters passed between himself and Mr. Morley's officials. There was nothing remarkable in the replies he received except that everyone of them ended by saying, "the matter is having attention." He went to Dublin Castle to press their claims for seed potatoes, but his appeals were treated with such callous indifference that he returned home broken down with grief and disappointment, and died shortly after on a mission of charity for his starving flock. After he had spent nine days asking, reasoning, entreating at the Castle he telegraphed the following message to Mr. Morley in London: "Respectfully and most urgently ask if seed potatoes and work will be given to relieve my poor people of the Arran Islands. I have to leave Dublin tomorrow." A week elapsed and no reply. He then telegraphed to Mr. Morley again: "Telegraphed Wednesday from Dublin urgently asking relief; appeal unanswered; contemptuously disregarded; expected other treatment from Mr. Morley. On my return to parish I find distress increasing." To this the chief secretary sent the following reply: "Local government board have adopted all the necessary precautions for dealing with any unexpected emergency." Which reply translated into English means "the poorhouse is open for your people of Arran."

Hence it is, dear sir, when the government has spurned our petitions, when starvation is painted on the pale lank cheeks of our people, when the widow and the orphan, the sick and the blind, the feeble old and the tender young are out in the cold, that I am forced earnestly and urgently to appeal to the charitable public for relief. Fancy twelve human beings huddled together in a little cabin 88 inches wide by 138 in length. I have seen them today and have measured the cabin. They have not a morsel to eat or a penny to buy it, and yet they were evicted for non-payment of rent. O cruel, heartless land agent! this night is cold and rough and wet, and there is many a man, woman and child in Arran that has not a supper to eat, a fire to look at or a bed to sleep on. It is heartrending to see the little children sitting where a fire used to be and crying for something to eat; to see the infant carried away to be warmed at the neighbor's fire; to see the mother dying of starvation and her little ones stretched around her; to see the death-chamber without a fire, without a bed, except a bundle of last year's fern dozed and rotten on the damp floor; without bed-clothes and without a chair, but a few stones taken in off the wall. It is pitiful to see these sights every day, and to be forced to turn away one's eyes from God's little ones because they have not enough of clothes to cover their bodies. It is for these I appeal to the charitable public. I ask them in charity's name, for God's sake, to send me something and to send it quickly.

MICHAEL McDONALD, C.C.
ARRAN ISLES, Galway, April 24, '94.

HONORING MR. PATRICK DONOHUE.

[*Communicated.*]

A banquet, attended by 290 admirers of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, was held on Tuesday of last week in the Tremont House, Boston, in honor of that gentleman, on the occasion of the 80th anniversary of his birthday. Gov. Greenhalge, ex-Gov. Russell and Dr. Williams, the Catholic archbishop of Boston, in writing letters of apology for non-attendance to the secretary of the banquet committee, paid gracious tributes to Mr. Donohue's Irish patriotism, true Americanism and the goodness and generosity of his heart, as well as the honesty and integrity of the sixty-five years of his more or less public and private life in Boston.

The banquet was held under the presidency of the Hon. Mr. Gargan. Such well-known local magnates as ex-Gov. Long, ex-Gov. Rice, Mr. Levi Woodbury, Hugh O'Brien, ex-mayor of Boston, Dr. Byrne, vicar-general of the archdiocese, Mr. Shuman, of the great and leading dry goods store, who is called "the only Irishman born in Germany," a wealthy gentleman whose sympathies are with the Irish national cause, and whose generous subscriptions are ever at its service. Shuman, is, moreover, a most liberal supporter of O'Mahony's Blarney tweeds, and all other Irish industries—with the result that $50,000 or £10,000 of his stock is spent in Ireland annually. Several Puritans were also present to do homage to the unblemished integrity of Patrick Donahoe, among them being Mr. Jordan, of the millionaire dry goods firm of Marsh, Jordan & Co.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe started the Boston *Pilot* a little over half a century ago. It was at first a small sheet like most newspapers published at that time. A few years after its foundation Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who had to fly from Ireland in the dark and troubled days of '48, and who had been a brilliant writer on the Young Ireland *Nation*, was appointed editor of the *Pilot*. Here his editorials were very radical; for McGee was still a rebel to English rule, and many of his most charming lyrics, the most pathetic of which was "Am I Remembered In Erin?" were contributed to the *Pilot*. He held the editorial chair of that weekly for one year, but as Mr. Donahoe's Irish politics were constitutional and in favor of a peace policy for the redressal of Ireland's wrongs, and as McGee's Irish politics were the contrary, McGee was eventually told by Mr. Donahoe that he should quit the editorial chair of the *Pilot* unless he subscribed to the theory of constitutional agitation. McGee refused to do so, and resigned his post as editor of that newspaper.

The writer is not aware who were its next editors, but they must have been inspired by Mr. Donahoe's peace ideas, for the *Pilot* in 1850, after McGee's resignation, was a strictly constitutional Irish sheet, and it has since then not changed its policy. McGee did, however, change his, after he proceeded to Canada, the land of the bigots and blue noses, where he was astute enough to see that his rebel principles would interfere with his political career. He, therefore, became a renegade to his former revolutionary ideas, and paid the penalty of his scurrilous attacks on Fenianism, after he had won the premiership of one of the provinces of that dominion, when he was assassinated in Ottawa by an alleged delegate of the Fenian organization.

The *Pilot* supported Duffy's Tenant Right League, but condemned Fenianism, for Mr. Donohoe being a conservative patriot, would not support a secret society, condemned by Pio Nono. In more recent years it supported the home rule movement of Butt, the land league of Michael Davitt and the national league of C. S. Parnell. Now it is an advocate of the Federationists, headed nominally by Justin McCarthy.
B.C.

[We think our correspondent is not entirely correct in his statements. D'Arcy McGee, for example, was connected with the *Pilot* before he wrote for the *Nation*.—ED.]

The Best Blood Purifier.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 6, 1894.—I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and think it is the best blood purifier that can be had. E. J. FALLEY, 387 Centre-av.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion.

"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER XVII.

CLIFFORD'S HEAD FORWARDED TO RED HUGH.

Brian Ogue, as stated, received two bullet wounds during his victorious tussle with Markham and the horse. He rode or was borne in a litter homewards to the camp along that corpse-strewn road. His scratches don't seem to have troubled him much. He paused as he went, scrutinizing with deliberation the bodies of those who by their superior armor seemed men of rank, and which were exhibited to him as he passed. Among them he was shown the familiar features of Sir Conyers Clifford, President of Connacht. He knew him well. He had been to visit him on his first coming into his Presidentiad, and had only been prevented from allying himself and his Breffneian nation with the Queen's cause by the stern menacing attitude assumed towards him by Red Hugh. He ordered his attendants to behead Clifford, and sent the head forward as a trophy and token to Red Hugh. The decapitation of slain foes was a universal custom of the age. Had Brian Ogue fallen, Clifford would have decapitated him. Among the rows of heads which adorned the battlements of Dublin Castle at this moment was the tarred head of Brian Ogue's own father, the brave proud Brian na Murtha. Clifford's head was forwarded to Red Hugh in the north; his body was conveyed south to MacDermot, to the Castle of Gaywash, hard by Boyle, where MacDermot and his army were now encamped.

I like Brian Ogue and am sorry, custom or no custom, that he ordered the decapitation of Clifford. My regret has been anticipated by the Four Masters.

Red Hugh sent a swift detachment of horse with Clifford's head to Collooney, to Nial Garf, his cousin in command there. Nial Garf, demanding a parley with the defenders of the Castle, informed Sir Donough of the defeat of the Royalists, and in proof of the statement exhibited the head of the slain general. That was enough. Sir Donough gave up Collooney, and himself and its defenders as prisoners without demanding terms, for his condition was desperate. Shortly after Red Hugh himself appeared upon the scene, and held a long colloquy with his captive. The result of this conference was that Sir Donough undertook to transfer his allegiance from the Queen to Red Hugh, and to hold all Sligo from him on the same terms that his ancestors used to hold it from Red* Hugh's ancestors. Hugh reinvested him in the lordship of Sligo, presented him with horses, cattle, sheep, ploughs, and all manner of farm instruments, and even with a population, so that in a short time the wasted land became once again an inhabited, industrious and well settled principality. Red Hugh gave him what the crown first would not, and then could not give him, viz., the estates of his ancestors. Hugh took his hostages and thenceforward directed all his motions. I may add that subsequently, when troubles began to close round the young chief of Tir-Connall, Sir Donough took to intriguing anew with the Queen's party, and Red Hugh had to imprison Sir Donough, and raise his brother to the chieftaincy.

Granuaile's son, Burke the Marine, long rocking idly before the ruins of Sligo Castle, weighed anchor and sailed with all his lime, cannons and provisions. I dare say he annexed them, for I find that he now transferred his allegiance to the victorious Red Hugh. The land Burke having watched grimly the sinking sails of his cousin, marched back to his principality of Mayo, ruling and regulating there as Red Hugh's MacWilliam.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAC DERMOT'S LATIN LETTER.

As mentioned, the headless body of the President was carried southwards to MacDermot. The treatment which it received at his hands will be perceived from the following curious letter, dispatched probably a day or two after the battle, by that chieftain, to the Constable of Boyle. It fell into the hands of Sir John Harrington, and was published by him in his "Nagae Antiquae." It is by him "censured" justly enough, to be "barbarous for the Latyn, but cyvill for the scene":

"Conestabulario de Boyle salutem:—Scias quod ego traduxi corpus gubernatoris ad monasterium Sanctae Trinitatis propter ejus dilectionem, et alia de causa. Si velitis mihi redire meos captivos ex praedicto corpore quod paratus sum ad conferendum vobis ipsum: alias sepultus erit honeste in predicto monasterio et sic vale, scriptu apud Gaywash, 15 August, 1599; interim pone bonu linteamentum ad praedictum corpus, et si velitis sepelire omnes alios nobiles non impediam vos erga eos.

MAC DERMON."

Probable translation of the foregoing:

"To the Constable of Boyle, greeting:—Know that I have surrendered the body of the Governor to the Monastery of the Holy Trinity, on account of his command and for other cause. If you wish to restore me my captives in return for the aforesaid body, I am ready to confer with you in person. In any case, he will be honorably interred in the aforesaid monastery. So fare thee well.

"Written at Gaywash, Aug. 15, 1599.

"In the meantime wrap [I have wrapped] a good shroud round the aforesaid body, and if you wish to bury all the nobles, I will not interfere with your doing so."

Note the aristocratic feeling expressed here: MacDermot seems to think that the Constable would only be at the pains of burying the bodies of the gentlemen. The "redire meos captivos" is funny enough, but the letter is the letter of a soldier and a gentleman.

Dymok adds the following, which has some interest, though inconsiderable.

"By this lettre is too truly interpreted a troublesome dream of the Governor's, which he had about a yeare before this defeat, when being awakened by his wife out of an unquiet sleepe, he recounted unto her that he thought himself to have been taken prisoner by O'Donnell, and that certain religious men of compassion conveied him into their monastery, where they concealed him. And so indeed, as he dreamed, or rather prophesied, the monastery hath his bodye, the worlde his fame, and his frends the want of his virtu."

*One was that three bards, all nominated in the deed, should satirize the party who first broke contract. Modern times were coming but had not yet come.

[THE END.]

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtain Sleibhe Riffi,

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Na h-uile dhiomadh orm-sa," do raidh Conán, "má chuala riamh sgeul do b'aite liom ná an oiread ód dom' easchairdibh d'fhaghail air aon láthair, le n-a d-tuilgint, agus nach bhfuil aon nidh is mó atá dom' bhuaidhreamh na rogha gacha bidh d'á bh-fuil aca-san, agus mé féin am throsga. Agus má thagann Diarmuid liom go n-deanfad-sa guin ghealain d'á n-iantin anocht loná gur láighide dár n-dochar a márach e."

"Nior dhúilte mise," ar Diarmuid, "do dhochar catha no comhlanna riamh, agus ní dheanfad do'n dul so, a Chonáin, óir is td d'fhóir as ár mór-éigion sinn anois."

Leis sin, gabhas Diarmuid oirreadh catha agus comhlanha-ulme, .i. an gadh dearg do bhi aig Toirdhelbhh Mac Stairn ag déanamh gach guimh longantaigh d'á n-deárnaidh a g-criochaibh imchiana an domhain, uaidh nár' thearaidh neach, fir no mná d'ár loiteadh lei riamh; agus a-sgiath drollach, dualach, air a raibh caogad carmhogal, go m-ba cómhsholas lá agus oidhche le lonnradh na g-cloch bh-fior-uasal sin. Agus do cheangail an cloidheamh claisleathan, geurfhaobhrach, cruaidh-righne air a chlé-shliasaibh, agus do ghluais féin 'nna réim ag léigion ratha d'ionsuighe an righ agus a theaghlaigh; óir do mhionnuigh Conán, air leacaibh dearga na n-Déithe, air fiathas an domhain, ná bh-fanfadh gan dul do dhioghailt a mhasla, agus a dubhairt le Goll, dá d-tuitfeadh féin no Diarmuid do'n dul sin, gan an t-ollean d'fhágbháil gan díol do bhuaint 'na m-bás amach.

Ciodhtrácht, nior stadadh leo go rangadar an Dún Doillbthe Draoigheachta, mar a raibh an righ a g-cionn a mhuintire. Agus air theacht a g-comh-fhogus do'n dún dóibh, d'fheuch Diarmuid asteach trí fhuinneoig agus do chidh an righ agus ro-uaisle na h-Afric 'nna thimchioll, agus iad ag ól agus ag aoibhneas agus d'á rádh nach raibh ecist orra Fianna Eirionn do mhealladh agus d'ionarbadh, ó bhiodar an na-onbhar do b'fhearr guli agus gaisge agus gniomhacht agus mór óirdheearcas a m-bruid agus a n-gelbhionn aca.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The immediate and unqualified success which attended the first performance of "The Beggar Student" by the Comic Opera Company at the Schiller theatre last Sunday evening, was scarcely a surprise to those familiar with the extraordinary efforts that were made by managers Prior and Wolff to create for the public a really superb organization. The interest taken by the public generally and by opera lovers and musical people perticularly, in the success of this operatic enterprise, is something extremely unusual, but it has put the Schiller Opera Company in close touch with the public and the success achieved even upon the first performance is something exceptional. The occasion of the first night of the opera was one of great enthusiasm, and this popular reception has been repeated and is likely to be repeated during the run. The chorus, that most important adjunct in operatic performances, is thoroughly good. It consists of a large company of really musical voices and well trained singers, and the orchestral treatment of the opera is all that can be desired. As was expected would be the case, the company at the Schiller theatre has just hit the public taste in such an opera loving community as is Chicago, and in a single phrase it may be added that "The Beggar Student" has caught the town.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

(For Decoration Day.)

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

They sleep in fame's enduring bowers,
Peacefully rest on honor'd biers,
Scatter their graves with fresh-blown flowers
And water them with grateful tears;
Bring forth the offerings of the brave,
The free oblations of the fair—
And strew upon each soldier's grave
Exotic blossoms rich and rare,
The fairest tints—the brightest bloom—
And lay a garland on each tomb.

Bring from fair Zezem's sacred spring
The elcaya—its buds unfold—
And from the Ganges waters bring
The champac with its leaves of gold,
The lotus from the Nile's bright waves,
And from fair Araby the blest
The nilica, to deck the graves
And gild the patriots place of rest,
And wreath the cannon's silent mouth
With grand magnolias of the south.

Bring the blue crocus from the dell,
The pure-white lily from the lake,
And strew them o'er the brave who fell
For freedom, home and country's sake,
The green-fringed fern—the golden rod,
The oleander white and red,
To decorate the sacred sod
Above the patriots' hallow'd bed,
And while their war-worn weapons rust—
Strew blue-eyed pansies o'er their dust.

The heroes who from other lands
For freedom cross'd the restless main—
And nobly offer'd hearts and brands
To break the captive's galling chain;
Oh! let their gallant mem'ry be
On grateful hearts forever grav'd
Among the faithful and the free
In the fair land their valor sav'd:
Oh! strew their beds with choicest flow'rs—
Their glory and their graves are ours!

ANCIENT ORDER CONVENTION.

Election of Officers—Next Session Will Be Held in Detroit.

OMAHA, May 12.—The sixth biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians adjourned at 3 o'clock this morning. The delegates decided to endow a chair for teaching the Gaelic language in Washington Catholic University. The office of national delegate is abolished and those of president and vice-president are created. P. J. O'Connor, of Savannah, Ga., was elected president and John C. Weadock vice-president, and M. J. Slattery of Albany, N. Y., secretary. The next place of meeting is Detroit, Mich. The convention took steps toward effecting consolidation and reconciliation of this branch and the one in New York at the next session. The directory of both branches have been instructed to meet and devise plans by which members of both factions make reasonable concessions to the other and consolidate into one body.

The report of National Secretary Slattery shows that the organization has a membership of 93,878, an increase in the last year of 10,656. Since the last report the Order has expended $378,000 for benefits and $345,000 for charity.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

Company A's ball, which took place on Friday evening, May 11, was a complete success, socially and financially; there were not quite as many couples present as at some of the dances given by the other companies, but what they had was select.

At a meeting of the officers on Monday night it was decided to offer a prize every three months for the best drilled and best appearing company. Lieutenants Cassidy, O'Malley and Duhig were appointed a committee by Lieutenant-Colonel Kavanagh, to draw up the rules governing the competion and to decide what the prize shall be. The first of those competitions will take place at Ogden's Grove on July 4, the date of the picnic given by the Seventh Infantry.

The Seventh will report at Springfield on July 21 for their annal instruction.

Company E's picnic takes place at Oswald's Grove on June 17.

Officer Connell's Daring Feat.

Mr. and Mrs R. A. Curran, of No. 726 Warren avenue, returned from New York on a late train Wednesday night and were being driven home in a livery carriage when one of the wheels of the vehicle came off at Monroe street and Ashland boulavard. The driver was thrown from his seat and the horses ran north at a breakneck speed.

Just as they crossed the cable tracks Officer H. H. Connell jumped in front of the team and grabbed the bit of one of the horses. Those who witnessed the officer's act expected to see him killed. The brave man, however, succeeded in throwing one of the horses to the ground The animal slid along the pavement about thirty feet and then the carriage stopped near the curbstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Curran got out of the carriage unhurt. The officer was offered a roll of bills by Mr. Curran, but the gift was modestly declined. The policeman was bruised but not seriously hurt.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the City Clerk's office, Room 35, first floor of the City Hall. Every volume, from the first primer to the Annals of the Four Masters, the Brehon Laws and the Seanachas Mor can be obtained, at cost price, from the the secretary Maurice Crean, at the school or at 1909 Indiana avenue.

A branch of the Gaelic Class will open next Sunday (May 20) at 2 o'clock, in the Christian Brothers' School, Desplaines street, near St. Patrick's church. The class will be supplied with good teachers, and every effort will be made to render it a success. This will afford an excellent opportunity to the Irish people of the West Side to learn the language of their ancestors.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Last Sunday's Games.

As announced in THE CITIZEN last week the first schedule games of the Gaelic Athletic Association took place at their grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, Sunday afternoon. The first was a football game between the Innisfails and Emmets, which resulted in a score of 1 goal and 3 points for the Innisfails, and 7 points for the Emmets. A hurling contest between the Sarsfields and Davitts closed the day's sport. The Sarsfields were the winners by a score of 2 goals and five points to the Davitts' 1 goal and 1 point. Next Sunday, May 20, there will be two football games, Davitts vs. O'Connells and Liberators vs. Grattans.

West Side Branch, G.A.A.

At a meeting of Irishmen held at 158 Ridgeway avenue, on the 13th inst for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Gaelic Athletic Association, the following officers were chosen: Patrick Curley, president; Patrick Larkin, captain; U. P. Gallagher, Jr., secretary. The president is a well known and popular resident of the West Side. The captain, Patrick Larkin, is one of three who founded the original Gaelic Athletic Association in Ireland in 1880. It was he and Captain Lynch of Galway who organized the first hurling club in Ireland, to play under drafted rules. Afterwards the Metropolitan Hurling Club was organized in Dublin by Michael Cusack, which club was challenged by Capt. Lynch. The game was played on the fair-green of Ballinasloe, for a silver biscuit barrel and tray, of the value of $250, in the presence of 20,000 spectators, and was won by Captain Lynch's team. The Galway team has held the championship of the world for the last thirteen years, without having once suffered defeat.

The captain Mr. Larkin, is an experienced all-round athlete, the winner of one hundred prizes, and was president of the county Galway Gaelic Athletic Association for four years, also a member of the All-Ireland Council of the G.A.A. Several members of the newly organized club, were formerly members of Captain Lynch's famous team. As this is the first organization of the kind on the West Side, we predict for them a successful career.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

They come! they come! but all too late;
Their king is on the wave
Bound to the mast of a Danish ship,
The pirate Norseman's slave;
And well may they come to save their king
From the robbers of the main,
For his sceptre ne'er was a tyrant's rod,
Nor his rule a despot's chain.
Dundalk, thy shores have often heard
The roar of boiling sea,
But wilder far is the madden'd shout
That now is heard by thee,
The shout of the soldier's voice in wrath!
The foe with the prize has fled,
And the pallid look of pale despair
When dear hope itself is dead,
But hush, there's a pause, each straining eye
Is on yon ships afar,
Again the cheer rings loud and high—
They're Mononia's ships of war.
Boldly they come o'er the swelling tide,
Their men as wild and free
As winds that play on the mountain side
Or waves that course the sea.
On, on, on to the foeman they come,
A sight sublimely grand,
Th' array of battle on sea has an awe
That's never known on land;
Many a sword salutes the sun,
Drawn in that deadly strife:
From many a heart that bounded high
Soon flows the tide of life.
The King! the King! to save the King
Brave Fion hews his way,
And woe to him who meets his sword
On that eventful day.
The King is saved, but the lion heart
That set his master free
Is deeply pierced; as the vessels part
His life-blood stains the sea;
Bold Fion's head is held on high
The Irish to appal,
They rush more fiercely to the fight
Led on by young Fingal.
Fingal! Fingal! what dread resolve
Now siezes on thy mind,
All that valor can do thou'st done
Give way and be resigned.
Sudden he rushed like one possess'd
Mid all the hostile train,
And seizing their King with one wild bound
Both plung'd into the Main.
Then Freedom smiled when she saw the deed—
She knew the day was won!
But with the smile came a tear and sigh,
She lost her favorite son.
The affrighted, terror-stricken Danes
At ev'ry point gave way,
And few remained to tell the fate
Of that eventful day.
There was joy that night through all the land
From Ban to Shannon shore,
For they said these Danish hordes will come
To spoil our homes no more;
And where toast was drank or song was sung
In castle, hut or hall,
A prayer was said and a tear was shed
For Fion and Fingal:
And long through the days of after years
Their names were a battle-cry,
And many who else had coward fled
By them were taught to die;
And wherever Freedom broke a chain
Or tyrant's got a fall,
A tear was shed and a prayer was said
For Fion and Fingal. ANON.

1779. 1894.

MOORE ANNIVERSARY.

The 115th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S NATIONAL BARD,

The Illustrious Poet, Thomas Moore, will be Celebrated at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1894,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MOORE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

REV. DR. CHARLES O'REILLY, of Michigan, will be the Orator of the occasion. Miss M. Blanche Foulke, Dramatic Soprano; Mr. C. H. Brittan, Tenore Robusto; Mr. M. J. Murphy, Baritone.

PROGRAMME:

1. Introductory Remarks by the Chairman.....
Rev. P. J. Muldoon
2. War Song, "Remember the Glories".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
3. Aria, "The Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
Miss M. Blanche Foulke.
4. Ballad, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
Mr. C. H. Brittan.
5. Gaelic Song, "The Battle Eve".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.
6. Oration, "Thomas Moore".....
Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly.
7. Lament, "Silent Oh Moyle".....Moore
Mr. C. H. Brittan.
8. Song, "When Love Is Kind".....Moore
Miss M. Blanche Foulke.
9. Solo, "When He Who Adores Thee".....Moore
Mr. M. J. Murphy.

TICKETS . . . . 50 CENTS

Exchangeable at the Box Office for Reserved Seats.

BOXES, - - - $5.00, $4.00 and $3.00

According to location.

Reserved Seats will be on sale at the Box Office, Central Music Hall, on and after Thursday, May 24.

Richard Dalton Williams' Poems.

Lovers of Irish poetry will doubtless rejoice to learn that Messrs. James Duffy & Co., of Dublin, have in the press and will shortly publish a complete collection of the poems of Richard D'Alton Williams, that sweet singer, who sleeps in Thibodeaux, La., and known to the readers of the old *Nation* as "Shamrock." The volume, which will be in Duffy's National Library, will contain several of Williams' poems never before collected. It is being edited by the author of the "Life of John Martin," and the "Life of John Mitchel," both popular works in the same series.

Sam Jack's.

Sam T. Jack, according to his custom, offers a great burlesque and variety bill at his opera house during this week, the Henry company, with Marie Rostella as the star, being the attraction.

Tossing on the "Briny"

Is very far from amusing, untraveled reader, if so be you are one. A rebellion fomented by each mountainous wave that smites the vessel's hull threatens absolutely to dislodge your very vitals from their natural resting place, and a nausea so frightful that it would reconcile you to a termination of your sufferings by shipwreck harasses you. Well for you then, or rather before this crisis, if you are provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a swift remedy for and preventive of the nausea of travelers by sea or land, nervousness caused by the vibration of the screw of a steamer or the jarring of a railway train, and an antidote to bowel, liver and stomachic troubles caused by impure water and unaccustomed food. The Bitters also, counteracts the effects of fatigue and exposure, and is a safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to [illegible], General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

REVIEW.

"The Irish Literary Revival: Its History, Pioneers and Possibilities." By W. P. Ryan. London, 1 Constance Road, East Dulwich.

Mr. W. P. Ryan, the author of this interesting volume, is a young Irish litterateur, residing in London, and is a native of gallant Tipperary. He wrote some time ago a romance, the scene of which is laid in that country. In this present fascinating work, Mr. Ryan traces back the origin, and early development of the live literary movement of today. The Southward Literary Club of London, the Pan-Celtic society, later on of Dublin, were the precursors of the Irish literary revival. Mr. Ryan is to be congratulated on the unquestionable fact that he is a writer who wields a graphic and skilful pen, and that his chapters make very interesting reading. THE CITIZEN hopes that the book—it costs only a quarter—will have a large circulation, commensurate with its genuine merits. D.

Cheap Excursions to the West.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the West and Northwest will be afforded by the Home-Seekers' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on May 8 and 29, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manito, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within thirty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information, call on or address ticket agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free, upon application, to W. A. Thrall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

IF you travel on the Monon you know that it is the best route between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago. Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent.

T. Shea, Tailor.
238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A VISIT TO DAMASCUS

A TRAVELER WRITES OF WHAT HE SAW IN THIS FAMOUS CITY.

Its Extensive and Interesting Bazaars—The Wonderful Walls of Damascus and the View One Has From Them—The Mohammedan Women and Their Masks.

The bazaars of Damascus are quite extensive and more interesting than those of Cairo, with which they are frequently compared, because they are entirely untouched by European influences. They are generally covered, and some of them have lofty roofs. In them are found all the products of the east. Caravans go from here to Bagdad and beyond, and a great deal of merchandise is carried to and fro. There are special large, pretentious buildings, with numerous domes, in which wholesale trade is carried on. It was a rainy day when we first went through the bazaars, and we appreciated the advantage of going shopping under cover.

The largest bazaar is in "the street called Straight." Its great roof extends for 2,000 feet, with small shops on each side. It is wide enough for carriages. By the way, this street is straight, though Mark Twain made a reflection indicating that the expression in the Bible (see Acts) was ironical. The consul who represents the United States government in Damascus is a Syrian, and that fact makes him a permanent officer. He is not obliged to turn over his office to somebody else when a new administration comes into power.

He received us very politely and detailed a "kawass"—a sort of official military escort—to attend us while we remained in the city. This is rather desirable, as it insures respectful treatment. Without such an escort we might have unkind remarks thrown at us, though we should not understand them. The "kawass" could not talk English, but another young man from the consul's office also went with us. He spoke English and was an intelligent and agreeable guide. He took us to see the interiors of two very handsome houses, one a Mohammedan's and the other a Jew's. We did not see the proprietor of the first, but the Jew took us into his library and showed us copies of the Jewish Scriptures on double rolls. As the reader proceeds he unrolls from one to the other. We also visited an English mission school for girls, in which the pupils had pretty and bright faces. They are mostly Greek Christians, but our "kawass," who is a Mohammedan, seemed to take great pleasure in pointing out his daughter in one of the classes.

Of the walls of Damascus only the lower courses date from Roman times. Above these courses is Arabian work, and, still higher, Turkish. It is rather unfavorable to strong emotions when looking at the place where Paul was let down to observe that this part of the wall is Turkish, not more than 300 years old.

About the most satisfactory thing we did in Damascus was a ride to the northern suburbs, where from the slope of a hill we got a fine view of the whole irrigated valley, with the city set in a frame of verdure. All outside of this was brown and barren. The domes and minarets of the city make a very pretty picture, in the center of which stand the citadel and the great mosque, which was partially destroyed by fire only last year. Our guide pointed out to us the caravan roads to Mecca and Palmyra, extending across the great desert to the horizon. This view gave us by far the best idea of Damascus and its surroundings. Twenty miles away we caught the gleam of a lake, into which the Barada (the Abana of Scriptures) pours its flood. Except in the spring it is rather a morass than a lake.

Our hotel at Damascus, the Hotel Diamatri-Kara, was formerly the palace of a wealthy pasha, and it contained interesting specimens of decorative work of the first class. It is very well kept—far better than any hotel in Jerusalem. In fact, the Jerusalem hotels are the poorest we have encountered so far in our travels. Our Damascus hotel was built around a central court, embellished by a handsome fountain and orange and lemon trees. Every window on the street in Damascus, the streets being narrow, is covered by a wooden lattice. You can look out through it, but you cannot see into the room across the way. It is considered very improper to raise this lattice. You might see a Mohammedan woman, or she might see you, which would make trouble. A very peculiar effect is produced by a figured muslin which many of the Mohammedan women wear over their faces. It makes them look like masqueraders with masks. You see something that looks like features, but it is not. A roguish eye may be twinkling under the gauzy material, but it is completely disguised. It is said to be unsafe in this fanatical community to show too much curiosity about the faces of the women. Damascus women have a reputation for beauty. I regret to say that we are unable to express any opinion on the subject. The uncovered faces we have seen ought not to get their owners into trouble.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Universal Suffrage.

It seems to me that universal suffrage is the greatest uplifting and educating force ever set at work among the masses of men. It certainly gives form to many of the problems of modern society, but I have yet to learn of any period in the world's history when the times were not full of problems. In the meantime, universal suffrage puts into the body politic the element that feels as well as the element that thinks. A man who is all intellect is not always wise in action, and our American communities, as I have observed, not infrequently make decisions contrary to the judgment of the few, which ultimately are justified by the outcome.—Seth Low in Donahoe's Magazine.

A LUDICROUS DUEL.

The Preacher Chose the Weapons and Vanquished His Bullying Opponent.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it ridiculous. It was by this means that dueling was stopped in a certain district of Kentucky some 40 years ago. At that time a traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong, muscular man, was conducting a series of religious meetings in Kentucky. At one of them a well known desperate character created a disturbance, and being publicly rebuked by Bowman sent him a challenge to fight.

The preacher's first thought was to treat the matter with silent contempt. Then he reflected that dueling was all too common in that region, and he decided to accept the challenge.

As the challenged party, Bowman had the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of large Irish potatoes and stipulated that his opponent must stand 15 paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged party and threatened to denounce the fellow as a coward if he made further objections. Seeing no way out of the scrape, the desperado at last consented.

The contest took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place turned out to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with good sized potatoes.

Bowman threw the first one. It struck his opponent in a central spot and fell in pieces. A shout of delight went up from the crowd which flurried the desperado, and his potato flew wide of the mark.

Bowman watched his chance, and every time his oponent stooped for a potato another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet spot on his clothes and then scattering on all sides. The fellow was hit in this way five times. Then the sixth potato struck him in the short ribs, and he lay on the grass doubled up with pain and groaning, "Enough!"

The bystanders went wild with delight, but Mr. Bowman looked very sober. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he staid for more than a week, and when he again appeared he was greeted with so many jokes that life was almost a burden to him.

That was the end of dueling in that region.—Family Herald.

The Bahamans.

A most curious utensil of a Bahaman dwelling is a big cement oven, like a cone, at the back of the house. In this the family bread is baked. Bahamans are physiologically starved, and their thin, attenuated forms show it. An unvarying diet of fish and fruit is not nourishing enough, and the fact speaks for itself in these islanders. The white Bahamans are homely and sallow unless burned so that complexion is a thing of the past. They rarely—some never—wear shoes; hence feet in these latitudes are feet and not merely the ends of legs. I used to gaze in admiration at the feet that daily and nightly visited our schooner. The owners of the appendages could walk where a shod foot could not bear to trod. The skin becomes tougher than leather. Black Bahamans are the finest specimens of the negro race to be seen outside of Africa—strapping fellows with magnificent arms and chests, but they are dreadful beggars and dreadful liars.

It is inconceivable how simple the Bahamans are. I saw old men in Spanish Wells who had never seen a horse, or a cow, or a wheeled vehicle. Nassau is their Mecca. "Why, boy," said Joe Pindar to me (everybody down here is either a Pindar or a Johnson), "Nassau his a city. Hit 'as 6,000 people, hand the streets are so wide carriages kin go along hand leave room for persons to walk hon heach side."—Californian Illustrated Magazine.

The Man of the Moment.

From the modern girl's point of view the man of the moment is not of much account, says Sarah Grand. The instinct of natural selection which inclined her first of all to set him aside for his flabbiness is strengthened now by her knowledge of his character. She knows him better than her parents do, and in proportion as she knows him she finds less and less reason to respect him. The girls discuss him with each other and with younger married women, and out of their discussion is arising a strong distaste for him.

"I'm not going to marry a man I can't respect," "I shan't marry unless I can find a man of honor with no horrid past," and "Don't offer me the mutilated remains of a man," coupled with the names of Tom Jones and Roderick Random, are the commonest expressions of it. And it is in vain for the man of the moment when he marries to hope to conceal the consequences of the past from his wife by assuming a highly refined objection to "allowing" her to read any book that would open her eyes. Manners of the new woman are perfect. She in never aggressive, never argumentative, but she understands the art of self defense and reads what she pleases.

Of Different Types.

The drummer for a Chicago house handling New England trade, who had not seen his good old mother for a long time, recently spent Sunday with her, and when he started away she laid her hand tenderly on his head.

"Goodby, my boy," she said. "Put your trust in Providence, and you will come out all right."

"Pshaw, mamma," he replied; "you don't know that country. Providence is the hardest town to work in the whole of New England," and the good lady was greatly shocked until they had come to a mutual understanding as to what each one was thinking about.—Detroit Free Press.

A LAZY FELLER.

Mighty fond o' fishin,
Good as good can be,
But I keep a-wishin
That the river'd come to me.

Like the weather sunny,
When the bees are all alive;
Wisht they'd bring their honey
To me an not the hive.

Hunter's horn a-tootin,
Powder on the sheif,
Like to go a-shootin
If the gun would load itself.

Fond o' turkey eatin—
Mighty good an sweet,
But it's overheatin
When you have to cut the meat.

World—I never doubt it—
Has a lot to give;
Only trouble 'bout it
Got to work to live.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sneezing Out the Wedding Party.

The Rev. R. S. Hawker, in the course of some reminiscences of an aged friend of his, quotes an anecdote which this friend, himself a clergyman, was fond of telling. It is about a marriage ceremony and a pinch of snuff, and in the narrator's own language runs thus:

"It was always the custom in those days for a clergyman after the marriage to salute the bride first before any other person. Well, it was so that I had just married a very buxom, rosy young lady, and when it was over I proceeded to observe the usual ceremony. But I had just taken an enormous finger and thumbful of snuff. So no sooner had the bride received my kiss—and I gave her a smart kiss for her good looks—than she began to sneeze. The bridegroom kissed her, of course, and he began also. Then the 'best man' advanced to the privilege. Better he hadn't, for he began to sneeze awfully, and by and by the bridesmaids also, for they were all kissed in turn, till the whole party went sneezing down the aisle, and the last thing I heard outside the church was 'Tchu, tchu, tchu!' till the noise was drowned by the bells from the tower."—London Tit-Bits.

Paper Tires For Bicycles.

The writer has visited the experimental shop of the parties who are working out the idea of making tires from paper for bicycles. A pressure equal to 120 pounds was brought to bear upon a rubber tire wheel in the presence of the writer, and the tire sunk in at the bottom. Then the same kind of a wheel was treated in the same way as regards pressure, but the tire was made of paper. The same weight did not cause the tire to sink in so much as in the case of the rubber one. Thus the paper tire can be run over cobblestones, sandy roads, mud, etc., and be less affected. The continual squeezing together and inflating of the rubber tire has a tendency to wear the rubber and cause a fracture. The paper tire, being less liable to flatten or sink in, is not subject to this wear.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Natural Surprise.

Information was given to the police authorities at B—— that a master tailor certified to be dead and buried with due solemnity many years ago was still in the land of the living. For the purpose of a gigantic swindle a doctor had been bribed to make out a spurious certificate in order to obtain payment of the insurance money, amounting to 30,000 marks. Further inquiries having established the accuracy of the facts as alleged, the coffin was exhumed and was found to contain nothing but a stout ironing board. At the sight of it a policeman standing by exclaimed in astonishment, "Golly, how he has altered!"—Deutscher Reichsbote.

Aged Horses.

With moderate care and good usage a horse's life may be prolonged to 25, 35 or 40 years. An English gentleman had three horses which died in his possession at the ages of 35, 37 and 39 years respectively. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic, to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a barge horse of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation company is declared to have been in his sixty-second year when he died.—London Answers.

Hard on the Canary.

A little West Somerville girl was punished one day for something she had done which she was told not to do.

While her eyes were wet with tears she demanded of her mother, with a pout, "Well, who told you?"

"Oh, a little bird told me."

As the mother left the room she heard the child turn toward the innocent canary which hung in a cage near the window and with infantile spite say, "Mean old tattle tale, tattle tale!"

The "little bird" story worked well that time surely.—Somerville Journal.

His Sole Regret.

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher by the bedside.

"No," whispered the chronic kicker, "but it does worry me to think that I shall soon be with the silent majority, when all of my life I have so enjoyed being in the noisy minority."—Indianapolis Journal.

Some of the bricks found in Babylon indicate by the stamps upon their surface an age of at least 5,000 years. The art of brickmaking was well developed at that time, for no bricks are better made than these.

Persians dump their household refuse into deep cesspools dug inside of the house. These cesspools have no outlet and help to account for that country being the hotbed of cholera.

Things made wholly or in part of clay and baked, which are opaque, are called pottery. Those which are semitransparent are porcelain.

Insects inhabiting islands have either very short wings of very little use in flying or no wings at all.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER.

How Johann Heinrich Schulze Came to Make a Sun Print.

The first photographer, Johann Heinrich Schulze—often spelled Schultze—was a professor of medicine in the University of Halle, and he wrote a great number of medical works, most of which are in the British museum library. He was born at Coblitz, in the duchy of Magdeburg, May 12, 1687. When at school, and before he was 10 years of age, Corvinus, the priest of his native hamlet, was struck with his ability. Indeed one day he found him in the garden studying a Greek Testament. His father was a poor tailor at Colbitz. In 1697 young Schulze was sent to the Royal Pædagogium at the University of Halle to continue his education.

In 1701 he began the study of oriental languages, and in 1704 he was admitted into the University of Halle as a student of medicine. He was trained by Professors Stahl, Richter and Eckebrecht. He at the same time gave some attention to antiquarian research and to rabbinic lore. In 1708 he accepted an appointment as teacher in the school of the university, and worked in it for seven years, at the same time carrying on the study of several eastern dead languages. He then attracted the attention of Frederick Hoffman, the Boerhaave of Germany, who engaged him to aid him in his literary and medical work. He made so much progress that in two years he took the degree of doctor of medicine and shortly afterward began to obtain public reputation because of his medical writings. After his marriage in 1720 to a relative of Corvinus he was appointed professor of anatomy at the University of Altdorf.

In 1729 he was appointed professor of Greek, and later on that of Arabic. The Prussian government in 1732 appointed him professor of elocution and antiquities at the University of Halle. In 1738 he was nominated a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg as successor to Bayer, and in 1737 he was professor of theology at Halle. He died Oct. 10, 1744. Schulze was the first to print an image of an object by the agency of light. In 1727 he poured nitrate of silver upon chalk, proving that its darkening in sunlight was due to light and not to heat. Then he printed upon the deposit the image of a piece of string tied round the containing glass. This was the first photograph ever taken in the world. Next he pasted printed matter round the glasses containing the deposits and photographed words and sentences.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Image Peddler.

You know these Italian peddle boys who go about with a tray load of plaster images on their heads? They are big ger robbers than the trusts. They make up a lot of the images in the dark, and next morning they name them.

One of the peddlers went into a grocery on Van Buren street on a storm quiet day and begged with the customary pitiful eyes and guileful heart for a buyer. He was so persistent, he assured his hearers so emphatically that all the images were imported, he moaned so pathetically over their ruinously low prices, that the young woman who has charge of the pickle department asked him what he would take for a bust of Shakespeare. He said, "Two dollar."

"Who's this?" asked the fair patron.

"Bacon," said the boy.

"How much for him?"

"Three dollar."

"I'll give you 25 cents for the two," said the girl.

"All right," said the boy calmly, and quickly setting the twain upon the counter.

But she was game. She bought them, solemnly declaring with beautiful heroism they were perfect likenesses, wrapped them tenderly in tissue paper and started home with them in the evening.

But the butcher boy from the Dearborn street side of the store said next morning he had followed her part way home, and he vowed he saw her smash them against a fire plug at Third avenue and skip along without once glancing at the pieces.—San Francisco Post.

Bits of Wedding Tradition.

Knives formerly formed part of the accouterments of a bride. This is easily accounted for by the fact that anciently it formed part of the dress for women to wear a knife sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A bride says to her jealous husband in Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631:

See, at my girdle hangs my wedding knives.
With those dispatch me.

The use of bridesmaids at weddings is of remote antiquity. Among the Anglo-Saxons the bride was led to the church by a matron, who was called the bride's woman, and followed by a company of young girls, who were called bridemaids. It was at one time the custom for the bridesmaids to lead the bridesgroom to church, and for the bridegroom's men to conduct the bride. This is clearly alluded to in the "Collier's Wedding:"

Two lusty lads, well drest and strong,
Step'd out to lead the bride along,
And two young maids of equal size
As soon the bridegroom's hands surprise.

The bridegroom's men were anciently called bride knights, which was an appropriate name at the period when they actually fulfilled that office.—Philadelphia Times.

Tides In the Earth.

From observations made at two Prussian stations at Teneriffe in 1889, 1890 and 1891, showing slight and continuous changes of position of the plane of the horizon, Dr. von Rebeur Paschnitz has concluded that the relatively rigid surface of the earth is subject to a movement of rising and falling like the ocean movement that produces the tides. The amplitude of the observations is very slight, but the apparatus used made it clearly perceptible. The direction of the plumb line also points to a daily disturbance, which is attributed, in conjecture, to solar radiation. A third kind of movement may be referred to distant earthquakes.—Science.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

HE BURNED A DIAMOND.

It Was Merely to Demonstrate That the Gem Was Inflammable.

How would you like to burn a two carat diamond merely for the sake of demonstrating a fact in science? Professor Henry Miles George of London did that very thing two years ago.

"What I did was not a new experiment," said the professor, "and was made at the request of a wealthy young countryman of mine who believed that he was born to be a scientist. Whether he was or not is neither here nor there. His first experiment was costly.

"He wanted to satisfy himself that the diamond possessed an inflammable quality, and that after being burned it left no residue. We burned the stone in my laboratory and to the young man's complete satisfaction. After it was consumed there was absolutely no ash. The combustion was complete, and there was an absolute although expensive proof that the diamond consists of pure carbon.

"The inflammability of the diamond," continued Professor George, "was not known till the middle of the seventeenth century. The ancients were firmly convinced that a diamond could not either be burned or broken. This was disproved in 1670 or thereabouts, when a four carat stone was consumed in the flame of a blowpipe. I think it was in Rome. The Grand Duke of Florence, in 1694, thought that fire would reveal the secret of the diamond's composition, and he caused a stone to be placed under the focus of concentrated sun rays. The diamond cracked, coruscated and disappeared. These experiments, as you will readily understand, are not made very frequently. In the interest of science they have been necessary, but as we have a very complete record of the results in several experiments and they all agree there is no necessity for any further expenditure of money in that particular direction. No, I don't think my young friend became a scientist. He married a music hall singer."—New York Mail and Express.

Cavalry and Cold Steel.

If you will allow a cavalry soldier to forget the value of cold steel and rely on fire action, you destroy the dash and elan which make him formidable and should be his characteristic. Therefore Frederick 130 years ago ordered his troopers always to attack, and while he discountenanced the use of carbines gave them the necessary support which fire lends by organizing a light artillery to attend their movementts.

Napoleon has told us that "cavalry cannot reply to fire and can only fight with the steel," and fully recognizing where lay the weakness of his horsemen he gave them an auxiliary in the shape of horse artillery, which, so far from hampering their movements, added to their boldness and enterprise when acting independently ahead of his vast armies. The co-operation of the two arms was also then found to work in another direction to the benefit of both, for while projectiles loosen compact formations and render the attack of squadrons more dangerous the cavalry force the scattering units to draw together and present an easier target for the guns. Especially was this noticeable during the pursuit of a beaten foe. A battery, bold and well placed, may deny a whole road to the retreating columns, and long lengths of "train" may have to be abandoned on the inroad of a few accurately directed shells.—Saturday Review.

Racing For Life In a Mine.

David M. Griffith, a miner, had a narrow escape from being crushed to death while at work in the Franklin mine, but the accident fortunately resulted in nothing more serious than a broken leg and a terrible fright.

Griffith was at work on a slope when pieces of coal weighing about 1,500 pounds became detached above him and started down the slope toward Griffith, whose only escape lay in running down the slope ahead of the lump of coal. It soon became a race for life, with the coal increasing its speed at every bound and adding to the terrors of the flying Griffith. Half way down the slope the speed at which Griffith was going extinguished the lamp in his hat and left him in the dark.

He continued his flight, in which lay his only safety, and after running for what seemed an age he stumbled on one of the side beams and fell, expecting to be instantly crushed to death. The coal came on, and by a miracle was checked by the timber, but in jamming caught one of poor Griffith's legs against the timber, breaking the bone in two places. Help soon came down to the man, and he was carried out and cared for. Griffith says it was the narrowest escape from death he ever had.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

His I's.

General Ogle, when submitting a letter for approval by the Pennsylvania legislature, which he had addressed on their behalf to the newly elected president, General Andrew Jackson, was interrupted by a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia thus:

"Pardon me, general, I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary in the east, and I may say in almost all the civilized countries of Europe, to write with a capital 'I' instead of the small 'i' in using this personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence."

General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with the fierce shaft of scorn that shot from his eye.

"Sir," said he, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a great man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic president of the United States, I abase myself, I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper. But, sir, if I should ever get to such a low pitch as to have to write to such a little snipe as you are, I'd use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."—Exchange.

A Clever Dog.

Scarcely anything is lacking in the mental furniture of this psychological dog to make him the equal of a baby 2 years old, except thinking in words, and who can prove that he is destitute of this faculty, although not possessing articulate speech? One evening while I was giving my plants a drink he came to me several times, asking me to have the gate opened. Not caring to lay down the hose, I paid little heed to his teasings, and he determined to compass his purpose in another way. To the front door he went, and pressing it found it not latched, but requiring some force to throw it open. Then he backed out the full width of the veranda, and running threw his weight so violently against the door as to drive it open. Very soon he reappeared with his mistress, to whom he had made his supplication, and she, without knowing of his failure with me, opened the gate and gave the little fellow his coveted freedom. It should be explained in regard to the wit shown in opening a heavy or sticking door that Toots acquired his experience with a fly door closed by the reaction of a spring. He found by experiments that if with his fore paws he pressed this door open just far enough to emit his body it would spring to and pinch his tail, and that by retreating and running the whole length of a small entry he would impart momentum enough to open the door wide and thus clear his tail, at the same time letting out a dependent companion. This act, I am inclined to think, is a little smarter than is usual in a 2-year-old child.—Popular Science Monthly.

Do Spiders Hear?

Experiments recently made with a tuning fork have convinced Mr. Pocock, an English naturalist, that some spiders at least really hear the sound produced by the fork. Indeed the conduct of spiders when a vibrating tuning fork is held near their webs is quite remarkable.

Some species, as, for instance, the ordinary garden spider, Epeira diademata, will run at the fork and strike or snatch at it with their fore legs.

The amaurobius, a spider which builds tubular webs in holes in walls, runs about in great excitement when the tuning fork is held near it. This spider can be enticed out of its hole by holding the fork near the entrance, and it will even climb upon the vibrating instrument.

Another species of garden spider, which is smaller and handsomer than the epeira, always, according to Mr. Pocock, drops from its web in terror when a tuning fork is held over it. These spiders are the prey of wasps, and as they always drop from their webs on the approach of their insect enemy it has been suggested that they mistake the sound of the tuning fork for the humming of a wasp's wings.

But some observers do not assent to the conclusion that it is the sound of the fork which attracts the attention of the spiders. They think the vibration is conveyed through the air to the webs, and that the slight motion thus imparted is perceptible by the spiders.—Youth's Companion.

The Earth's Temperature.

One of the most learned of modern geologists, Sir William Thomson, has expressed the opinion that for the last 96,000,000 years the rate of increase of the earth's temperature under ground has gradually diminished from about one-tenth to about one-fiftieth of a degree F. per foot. The present argument, however, as to the date of the consolidation of the earth, based on the assumption that the earth is simply a cooling globe, is met with serious objections, one of the most forcible being that as the solidification of the earth probably began from the middle and spread to the surface it is not only possible but likely that after a firm crust had been formed the upper portion still retained some degree of viscosity. If, then, the interior be viscous, some tidal oscillations must take place in it, and these being subject to friction heat must be generated in the viscous portion, and the diurnal rotation of the earth must be retarded. According to the supposition of an eminent scientist—viz, that it is only those strata which are within some hundreds of miles of the surface which are viscous, while the central portion is rigid—then, when tidal friction does its work, the same amount of heat is generated as on the hypothesis of the viscosity of the entire planet, but instead of being distributed throughout the whole mass, and principally toward the middle, it is now to be found in the more superficial layers.—New York Sun.

The Duties of a Party Whip.

Reverting to the duties of a whip and patronage secretary, it is an astonishing fact that gentlemen of birth and social position can be found to fill the post. The junior whips' duties are not only onerous, but irksome. They sit or stand in the outer lobby of the house from half past 3 to half past 12 at night, and they ask every member who passes where he is going, whether he is paired and when he will be back. If he is not paired, they have either to find a pair for him or to prevent him from passing out by coaxing or threats, the former for preference. When their party are in, these gentlemen have to attend their office from 12 to 3. Their hours of duty are, therefore, from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., or 13 hours, with intervals for lunch and dinner, and this they do for £1,000 a year. When their party is out, they do it, minus their office work, for nothing.

In addition to keeping an eye on his juniors, the chief whip, who has £2,000 a year, deals with the members on their more touchy side. It is he who practically distributes ribbons and titles and sees that cards of invitation are sent to this man and that; that no one is given undue preference, a delicate duty which requires much tact and skill. Mr. Tom Ellis is popular, and that goes a great way. He has tact, and that goes further. At present he lacks experience, but that will come.—Cardiff Mail.

WHERE HE FOUND HIS NAME.

Gentlemanly Dick, the Bus Driver Who Defended the Fair Sex.

"Gentlemanly Dick he was called," and the speaker took his pipe out of his mouth and glanced around the waiting room where he and two comrades were sitting watching for the night express with the hope of getting a few passengers for the hotels. They were all bus drivers, young and hearty looking fellows.

"Yes," mused one of the men, "I know who he is. I seen him one day not long since. He had just rescued a poor, 'croppy' lookin dog from the boys and said he was goin to take it home to his gals. What was the reason of his bein called 'Gentlemanly Dick.'"

"Didn't you never know?" asked the first speaker.

"Nope. Let's hear about it. I've had some curiosity to know," and the other two men lit their pipes afresh and settled themselves comfortably in expectation of the forthcoming interesting narrative.

"Well, you see, he uster drive for the Brown House. Drove their best bus for eight years, and he allus tipped his hat to the passengers. Some of them he seen so often he got to know 'em, and they'd say some pleasant thing now and then to make a feller feel good. One night him and me wos settin round this here stove, and there wos four fellers come in. They sat down in that there corner," and the speaker jerked his thumb toward the spot indicated, "and begun to talk. I wos settin here smokin and Dick wos smokin too. He wasn't sayin much, but seemed to be doin some deep thinkin. Every little while he would run his fingers through his thin gray hair.

"All of a sudden one of them fellers let out a string of oaths as long as my arm." And the speaker held out a good brawny specimen for illustration.

"Dick didn't say nothin, but he looked up sudden and scowled; then he puffed away on his pipe again. Finally one of them made a remark. Well, it was pretty sweepin. 'Twas about women in general, and there wasn't no gettin round it. It made me hot. Well, sir, Dick got right up and walked over to them.

"'Boys,' he sez, 'I've lived nearly 60 years, and in the same space of time I've never heard so much profanity, vile talk and slander as I've heard from you fellows tonight in 20 minutes.' Then he went on: 'I had a mother and a wife, God bless 'em, and I've got one sister still livin, though I hain't seen her for years, and it makes me shiver in my boots to hear the way you speak. You are all good lookin chaps and seem well dressed and respectable. For the sake of your mothers, sweethearts or wives quit talking such wickedness. I don't mean to be harsh. I only speak with the privilege which comes of old age.'

"Them fellers, sir, if you'll believe me, set still and never spoke all the while that Dick was a-talkin. Finally one feller, who knew Dick, the biggest one in the crowd, said in a hearty way: 'Thanks, old fellow. I say, boys, three cheers for Gentlemanly Dick.' And they were given with a hearty will. Then one after another got up and sneaked out in the night. Hello, here comes the express! Hope she's loaded for this here town." And the men all left. The little waiting room which had served as a lecture room was vacant.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Chinamen Change Signs.

A Washington street Chinaman changed his sign the other day, name and all. One of his customers, after the sign had been changed, stopped in to see if a new Chinaman had taken possession of the place. He found the same laundryman as had been there for a good many months.

"What did you change the name on your sign for?" was asked of him.

"Oh, that nothin. Only sign name. That's all."

"Why don't you put your own name on the sign?"

"Oh, see if I sellee place, can't sellee sign. See? Any name good sign. That's all."

He then explained that it was a common practice among Chinamen to change their signs frequently, and that by so doing they believed that it encouraged trade and thus reimbursed them for the expenditure in red paint and unpronounceable characters.—Buffalo Express.

Forty Winks For Insomnia.

"I have a new remedy for insomnia," said the nervous member as he entered the club rooms.

"If it is good, tell us about it."

"It is very simple. Just go to bed and take the most comfortable position for sleeping. Then slowly open and close your eyes. If, after 40 winks, you are not asleep, then try 40 more. The great difficulty with victims of insomnia is that they almost always fall to thinking of the events of the day. This may be prevented by persistent counting, but that is itself a mental effort and wakes one up. Not so, however, with winking. I defy any of you to think of anything else while you are engaged in this simple exercise."—Utica Observer.

A Homemade Sign.

On Lexington avenue near Eighty-third street there stands in front of a shoemaker's shop a home painted sign that is pitifully comic. It would be a painfully deformed man indeed who could wear a boot shaped like the one thereon displayed, beneath which is the announcement that "Laddies sheos" will be "half soeld" and heeled for one price; "Childrings and mans" for another. Apropos of this subject, I saw a shoemaker's sign the other day bearing the euphonious and appropriate name of Shintog.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

What She Keeps.

Miss Tweed—That Mrs. Chirp is horrid! I don't believe she can keep anything.

"Oh, yes. She keeps telling everything she hears."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ODDITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

Curious Customs of Some Foreign People as They Appear to Us.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway.

To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person. It is sacred, is one of their proverbs.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or a restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady, even his wife, his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.—Philadelphia Press.

Florida's Topography.

There is no state like Florida for contradictory impressions. You can find what you like or what you dislike. It is according to who you are and where you go. If you enter the state at Jacksonville, it is low, level, monotonous, an interminable stretch of piny flatwoods, enlivened only by a few scattering cattle or an occasional razor backed and big headed swine, and traversed by struggling, sandy roads that lead from nowhere to nowhere, unless it be to some sawmill, or lonesome cabin, or weather browned hamlet, in which the listless and contented negro appears to lead the population. If you enter the state at Tallahassee, there opens a lovely expanse of rolling hills and fertile valleys, vineyards, pear orchards, corn and cotton fields, threaded by fine smooth roads packed hard with red clay alluvial. Entering it from the sea at Mosquito or Jupiter inlet, it is a continuous stretch of lovely inland waters called rivers, but more properly lagoons, fed by tide water, and affording scenery of the most charming variety and picturesqueness, as unlike the flatwoods as it is different from the hill country.

If one enters it at Punta Gorda or Tampa, he will follow the elevated backbone of the interior through a region of countless lakes, skirted by thriving towns like Orlando, Winter Park, Sandford, De Land, Ocala, Gainesville, Leesburg, and resembling neither hill country nor the coast.—Springfield Republican.

Saved His Dignity.

One of the chief men in the early history of Weston, Mass., was Francis Fullam, commonly known as Squire Fullam. He was justice of the peace and one of the pillars of the church, and on Sundays always sat with his eyes fixed upon the minister, as if conscious of being a worthy example to the rest of the congregation. One Sabbath morning, during Parson Woodward's sermon, an old colored woman in the gallery fell asleep and tumbled off the bench to the floor, making a loud noise. Squire Fullam, who was rather deaf, knew that something unusual had occurred, and feeling the dignity of his position as justice of the peace he rose to his feet and called out:

"Stop, reverend sir!"

Mr. Woodward ceased speaking, and the old squire said in stentorian tones:

"If any one has discharged a gun in this meeting house, let him be brought before me tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

Some one explained to him the cause of the disturbance, and he added:

"If what I thought had happened, what I said was right. Proceed, reverend sir."

Thereupon Mr. Woodward resumed his discourse, and the service proceeded as usual.—Youth's Companion.

A Famous Old Clock.

The grand lodge of Masons in New York possesses a very interesting relic in the shape of a grandfather's clock that struck the hours for Yorktown lodge in the troubled days when George Washington, Lafayette and other officers of the continental army used to visit it and attend its sessions. The lodge ceased to exist in 1812, and the old clock was probably sold with the rest of the furniture. It was unearthed in a Baltimore pawnshop by Dr. A. B. Lyman of Lyman, Md. The doctor had his attention attracted by the figuring on the dial, which showed it to be a Masonic clock. He traced back its history and established beoynd doubt that it was made for the Yorktown lodge in 1781 by John Fisher, whose name and home town are engraved on the dial.

The clock has been placed in the east end of the library at the Masonic temple. It is an eight day clock, in a mahogany case and stands about 8 feet high. On the brass dial are engraved the Masonic square and compass, the columns and the mosaic pavement, with the name, "John Fisher, Yorktown." It shows the day of the month and the phases of the moon correctly.—Jewelers' Circular.

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County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.

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Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana-sts at 8 p m.

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Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5822 Justine st; James Took, V P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

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Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 29 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 49th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 578 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 La Salle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John F Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 266 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A [illegible] Dease, 332 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

OF CHICAGO.

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, May 4, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 9,191,038.80
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		50,165.03
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
U. S. bonds on hand (par value)		200,000.00
Other bonds		276,166.70
Real estate		47,107.50
Due from banks and bankers	$1,805,141.42	
Exchanges for clearing house	438,365.43	
Cash	5,188,111.23	7,321,951.08
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
		$17,340,679.11

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		225,733.79
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		255.00
Deposits—		
Individual	$10,295,229.52	
Banks	4,864,460.80	15,069,690.32
Total		$17,340,679.11

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WALTER L. PECK, Vice President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Ass't Cashier.
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LOW RATE HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSION.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad, in concert with its Western, Southern, Southwestern and Northwestern connections, will run a low rate Home-seekers, Excursion May 29, 1894. The rate will be one fare for the round trip, and the tickets which will be limited to thirty days from date of sale, and allow stop-overs, will be sold to certain prescribed points in Kansas, Nebraska, Southwest Missouri, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, Manitoba, Northwest Iowa, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the May term, A. D. 1894. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy, defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy that the said petitioner, Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, has heretofore filed his petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot number One (1) in Dickey and Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) in Thompson and Holmes' Subdivision of the east forty-five (45 acs) acres of the north sixty (60 acs) acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14) east of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, subject to a trust deed dated May 31, 1889, given by said decedent to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure his note for the sum of $500, of even date with said trust deed, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the May Term, A. D. 1894, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of May, 1894, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.

ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Compl't's Sol'rs.

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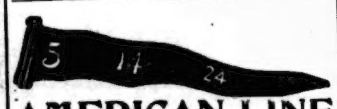
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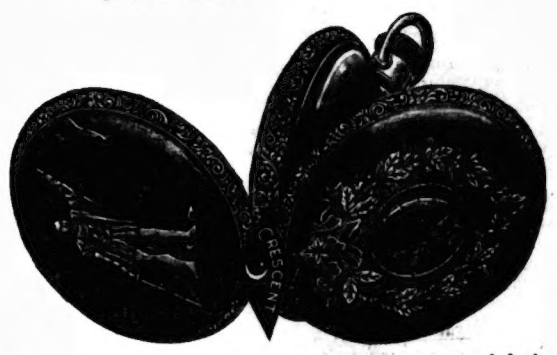
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